

The Sketch

No. 1324—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1918

ONE SHILLING.



THE WEDDING OF MISS GLADYS BLAGDEN AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR LUSH: THE BRIDE AND HER ATTENDANTS.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Blagden, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Blagden, of 59, Queen's Gate, and Fawke Wood, Sevenoaks, to Captain Arthur James Lush, of the Rifle Brigade, was a very pretty function. The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Brompton (the Rev. Prebendary A. W. Gough), officiated, and the bride was attended by a page, Master Anthony Preston, and two bridesmaids—Lady Betty Murray, younger daughter of the Earl

and Countess of Dunmore; and Miss Elizabeth Preston, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Preston. Captain Northover was best man, and in the congregation were the Countess of Dunmore and Lady Marjorie Murray, Lady Forester, Captain Sir Harold and Lady Boulton, the Hon. Mrs. Richard and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Preston, Lady Nairne, and other friends.—[Photograph by Langfieri, Ltd.]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

**Topics
of Tantalus.**

By far the most interesting topics of the moment are those about which one must not write. This is a pity. I have a good deal to say, for instance, with regard to —. Searching my memory, I could tell you a great deal that would enlighten you. I could fill in gaps that are likely to be left blank. I could shed an unexpected light on corners that must otherwise remain in murky obscurity.

And then, you know, with regard to —. Here, again, is a subject upon which I have special and authoritative information. Turning over a book of newspaper cuttings, I find that it was in 19— that — told — that — was —. At this juncture, however, the fragment must remain between the yellowing pages. Were I to quote it, I should be flung into several prisons, and treated, perhaps, with considerable harshness.

Finally, I am intensely amused to see that —, in the —, says that — never really —. A more ridiculous statement, one imagines, seldom was made! But I shall not venture to correct it. Through many years of buffeting has come a glimmering of wisdom. Nobody would thank me for setting — right, least of all —. The world likes to be humbugged, so let it be humbugged. Why should I add an embarrassing candour to the horrors of war? I change my point of view. It is far better, no doubt, that one may not write on the most interesting topics of the moment.

**To Help the
Doctor.**

These are urgent days for doctors, more particularly general practitioners in country districts. Each one has to do the work of six doctors, and a great deal of ground must be covered in the course of the day.

It is only by planning his day with the most meticulous care that the doctor can fit in any proportion of the visits expected of him.

To complicate matters, the doctor cannot tell where he is wanted, if the case is a new one, until he is rung up on the telephone. He flies along in his little car, and passes, let us say, "Rosedale." When he gets home, he finds that the mistress of "Rosedale" has been ringing up all the morning to say that her little girl is very flushed, has a sore throat and a high temperature, and will he kindly come at once. Back hops the jaded man into his little car, and back he goes, with half-digested lunch, to "Rosedale."

"I was passing here this morning," he says, a little reproachfully. "Oh, were you?" replies the lady remorsefully.

Now, this time, and petrol, and labour might be saved if only the doctors would come down, for the nonce, to the level of the carrier and the dustman, and issue cards to be placed in the window bearing the one word—DOCTOR. You cannot, in these days, pick and choose your doctor. If you want a doctor you want a doctor, and that would be the quickest and simplest way to get one.

OLD STYLE.

The New "How old is Allbut-Robinson?"
Scale for Age. "I don't know, but I should think about forty-five."

NEW STYLE.

"How old is Allbut-Robinson?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I should say just in Grade IV."

Because, among other things we have learned from the war, we have certainly discovered that age is not a matter of years. Before the war, men concealed their ages. Since the war, they have been willing and even eager to tell you their age.

And why? Because they know that they are telling you nothing. When a man says, "You may be surprised to hear it, but I shall be fifty next birthday," he knows perfectly well that he is giving away a secret of no value save to the recruiting officer. Age is a matter of physical and mental condition. There are men of twenty-five who have been proved useless for the Army; and there are men of fifty-five who would be just the type required. Digestion

has a great deal to do with it and blood-pressure, and heredity. In days to come, therefore, we shall no longer speak of age by years. We shall divide up physical life into grades, and a man will be as old as his grade. Centenarians of thirty will be pensioned off, and hale young fellows of ninety will get their ears boxed.

**"Tommies
of the Line."**

Major Eric Cooper—who was a Second Loot, I think, when he first began to express his sentiments on the war in verse—has written another volume, entitled "Tommies of the Line." It is quite a good idea for soldiers to record their feelings in verse. You can write a verse on the back of an

envelope or the stray leaf of a note-book. You can begin it on a Monday, and finish it six months afterwards. You can think out your poem while you are marching, and jot it down the same night after supper. You avoid the fag of continuity necessary for the sketch, or the short story, or the novel. Moreover, you can say things in verse that you would never dare to say in plain prose.

Major Cooper takes full advantage of his poetic license. He is tragic and gay by turns, yet I like him best, for my own part, when he turns his muse to "Mr. Cox, the Banker." He says—

"Dear Mr. Cox, although we've never met,
I feel somehow that we are well acquainted;
For I have been so often in your debt,
And sometimes your forbearance has been sainted.
You seem to me an old and trusted friend—
A feeling which has bucked me up no end."

In conclusion, he touches the supreme altitude of optimism—

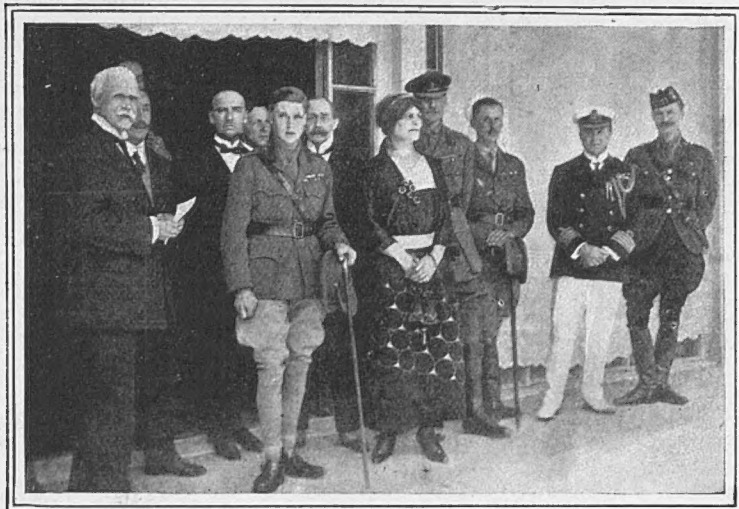
"Oh, Mr. Cox, I'll almost break my heart
When war is over and we have to part."



A VERY SUCCESSFUL WAR-CHARITY MATINÉE: A GROUP OF THOSE CONCERNED.

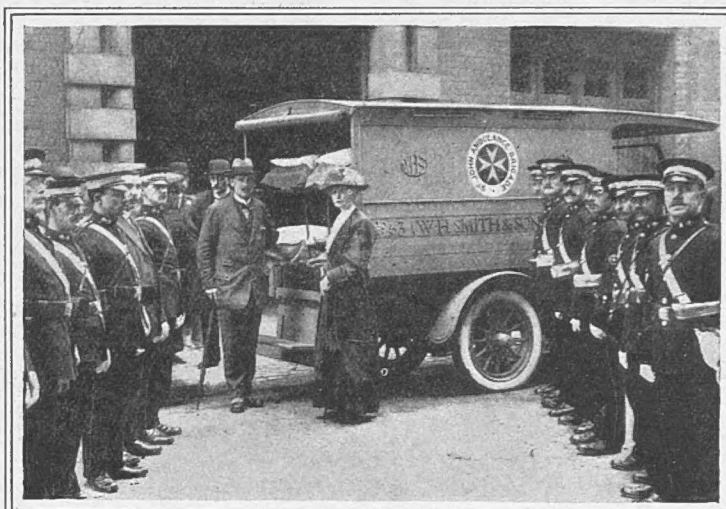
The matinée was in aid of Prisoners of War and Lady Manningham-Buller's Red Cross Depot. In the photograph are (from left to right) in the Back Row: Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller, Bt.; Mr. W. H. Holloway; Lieutenant Cedric Sharpe; Captain Viscount Coke; Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson; and Mr. Alex. S. Scott-Gatty. In Front are: Miss Carlotti; Miss Clarke; Mlle. Adeline Genée; Lady Forbes Robertson; Lady Churston; Mrs. Claude Beddington; and Lady Manningham-Buller. Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller is the third Baronet. Lady Manningham-Buller was the Hon. Lilah Cavendish, and is daughter of the third Baron Chesham. Viscount Coke is the elder son of the Earl of Leicester. Mr. Scott-Gatty is the son of Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, Garter Principal King of Arms.—[Photograph by Cooper.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: WAR-TIME SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ROME: (L. TO R.) SIR RENNELL RODD; THE PRINCE; AND LADY RODD.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Rome to take part in celebrating the third anniversary of Italy's entry into the war was a great success. He made himself immensely popular.—A motor ambulance was recently given to



A GIFT FROM MESSRS. W. H. SMITH'S EMPLOYEES TO THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE: LADY HAMBLEDEN PRESENTING THE CAR.

the St. John Ambulance Association by the employees of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, and was presented on their behalf by Viscountess Hambleden. Viscountess Hambleden is also seen in the photograph.



MOBILISING "BUNNY": GERTRUDE LADY DECIES AT "THE HUTCH."

Gertrude Lady Decies, as mentioned in our last issue, has opened a rabbit depot (The Hutch) at 37, Lower Belgrave Street, to promote rabbit-keeping, especially among wounded men.—Lieutenant Douglas Campbell, who



THE FIRST AMERICAN "ACE" AIRMAN: LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

recently won his fifth air victory within a month, is the first American-trained "Ace."—Mr. Tufton is the elder son of the Hon. John Tufton. Miss Raphael is granddaughter of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid.



ENGAGED: MISS DOROTHY RAPHAEL AND MR. HENRY TUFTON, HUSSARS.

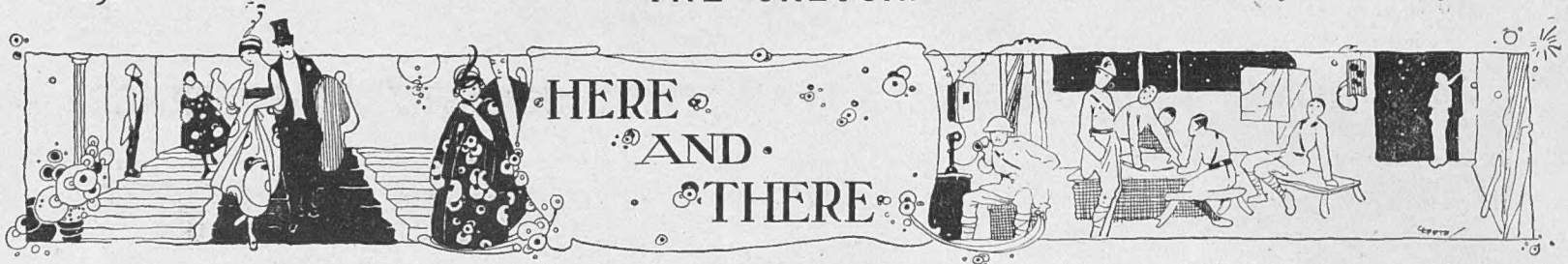


A BAZAAR FOR VILLAGE HOMES FOR BABIES OF FALLEN FIGHTERS: PRINCESS PATRICIA (CENTRE) AT 40, BERKELEY SQUARE.

It will be remembered that the Baroness T'serclaes and Miss Chisholm, of Pervyse fame, recently came home after being rather badly "gassed." Mr. H. V. Esmond is seen with them.

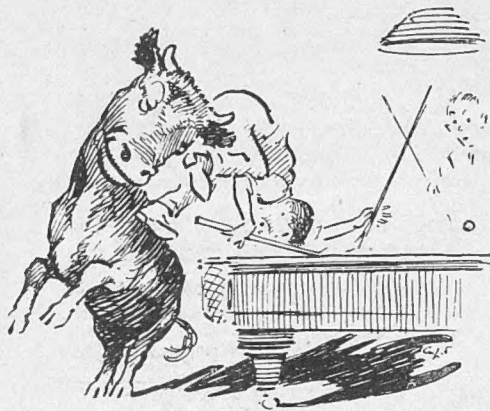


NEW WORK FOR THE HEROINES OF PERVYSE: MISS M. CHISHOLM (L.) AND BARONESS T'SERCLAES (R.).



Truly a Triumph. Drury Lane reopened on Monday, June 3, with a very successful representation of "Othello," in which Frank Mullings was at his best. Indeed, at the end of the third act, the Moor, after his Mad Scene, was called no less than six times; while Mme. Jeanne Brola, very pretty and touching as the despairing Desdemona, was offered a fine floral tribute of roses and carnations. It is difficult to realise that Verdi was already an old

man of seventy-four when this opera was produced for the first time, sixteen years after "Aida." Not so melodious as the latter, it strikes a notably more modern note, which was further emphasised at Drury Lane by its very Futurist scenery. Princess Patricia was being much admired in her all-white dress, with her hair arranged Grecian fashion and crowned with silvery leaves. Princess Helena Victoria, who was with her, was in black. The Marchioness of Londonderry, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady



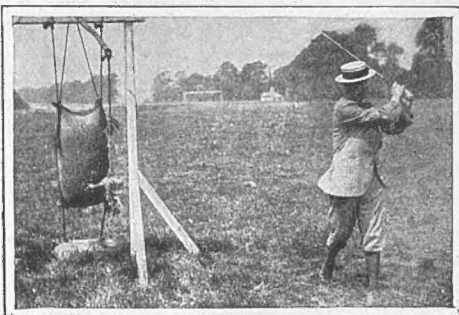
"A bullock at Braintree climbed upstairs to the billiard-room of the Liberal Club and walked round the billiard-table. The only damage done was a broken cue."

What about the broken break?

Curzon of Kedleston were also there; and Lady Cunard, who never misses the Opera, was holding quite a salon on that evening. One box was full of nurses in grey uniforms; another was occupied by four American officers.

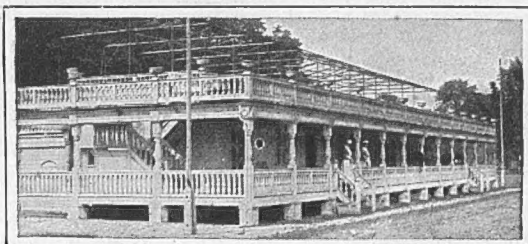
Pension Problems. The Inter-Allied Conference on the After-Care of Disabled Service Men may have been a clumsy title for the gathering which took place during the greater part of the week at the Central Hall, Westminster, but there was no doubt of the interest and importance of the meetings, which were attended by delegates from practically every Allied country. After all, next to winning the war, the world has no bigger problem to face for the next fifty years than the return of her fighting men to civil life, their absorption into essential industries, and the adjustment of pensions and opportunities for work so that the men who have given health or limbs, sight or hearing, may still have a share and a stake in the welfare of the country which they have fought to preserve. All that is what the Ministry of Pensions and all its many sub-activities stand for. The Duke of Connaught, who addressed the Conference in French, emphasised this aspect of pensions—that a generous money provision was one of the smallest

issues, the reinstatement of the men as useful and happy citizens being a far greater and more difficult task. Sir John Collie, Sir Robert Jones, and many other distinguished folk were amongst the speakers.



RANELAGH IN WAR TIME: A MILITARY "BUNKER" ON THE GOLF COURSE—A BAYONET SACK.

Of course, their Majesties visited the Conference and the exhibition of work done by disabled soldiers; nobody realises the greatness of the problem more keenly or sympathetically than they do. The Lord Mayor gave a dinner to the delegates.



RANELAGH IN WAR TIME: THE POLO PAVILION AS A MILITARY HOSPITAL.—[Photographs by General Press Organisation.]

Know Your Ally! That is the text of the moment, and the authorities of the Summer Meeting at Cam-

bridge are putting it into practical shape by devoting the whole of this year's meeting, which extends from Aug. 1 to 13 inclusive, to a study of the United States of America. It is a sufficiently large subject in all conscience; but then, those summer meetings have a wondrous way of compressing the knowledge of a lifetime into a fortnight of strenuous lectures, conferences, sermons, at homes, and what-not. They are very delightful affairs for those of a studious turn of mind, for the colleges throw open their doors to a certain number of students, and, after all, the charm of the 'varsity is there for all who go. His Excellency Mr. Page will deliver the inaugural lecture. It should be a notable meeting, and intending students will do well to write in good time for full details to the Rev. Dr. Cranage, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

Empire Day. The Dominions make much of Empire Day; and this year there was no lack of recognition of the day here, and there



NOW IN "THE SAVING GRACE" ON TOUR: MISS MAY WARD. A YOUNG ACTRESS OF AMBITION AND PROMISE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WITH PRESIDENT WILSON'S PROXY, MR. LAUGHLIN: THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN (LEFT) GOING TO RECEIVE HIS HONORARY LL.D. AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Marquess is seen entering the Senate House. Mr. Laughlin is on the U.S. Embassy staff.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

was a great patriotic celebration at the Albert Hall, attended by the King and Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duchess of Argyll. The hall was mostly filled with wounded soldiers, and with pupils from the higher grade and secondary schools—just the audience who thoroughly enjoy themselves, particularly when they can take a share in the entertainment. They were given this opportunity by an invitation to join in the refrains of the tunes in the second part of the programme—and they made the most of it. Mrs. Frances Parker, the sister of Lord Kitchener, may well have been pleased with the success of the afternoon. It was interesting to everyone concerned in it.

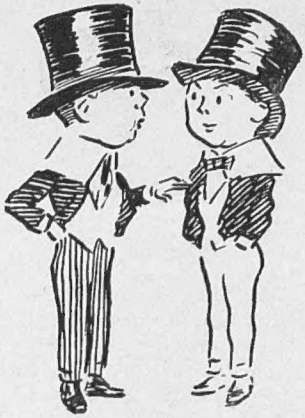
Attractions in Plenty.

apiece, which sum has been collected by each little one who is presented. Lots of our Boys in Blue are to be at the Fair, and every ticket taken will help a wounded man, so to the Fair every one of us must go on June 27. Then, if Fortune favours us with a fine day, a delightful time

is in prospect, for the Fair is being held in the Royal Hospital Grounds, which will be open at two o'clock to the public, and all sorts of



"To what do you attribute your great age?"
"Why, to getting a good start before they invented these new-fangled diseases we never heard of when I was a girl!"



An important discussion at Eton last week—whether a King shouldn't have a holiday at least once a month. "The king's birthday was celebrated at Eton by a whole holiday."—*Daily Paper.*

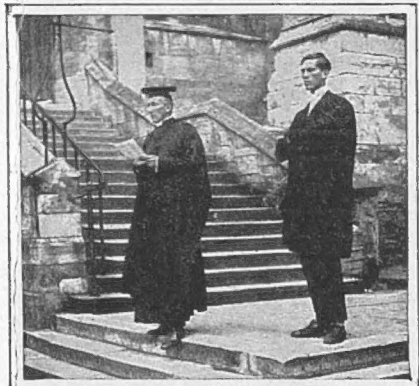
3s. (6d. tax) will then be the entrance fee. On June 27 it will be 4s. (tax 9d.). Admission after five o'clock will be 1s. (tax 3d.). Further information and tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Fagan, Chelsea Fair Office, 156, King's Road, Chelsea.

Where All Went Well.

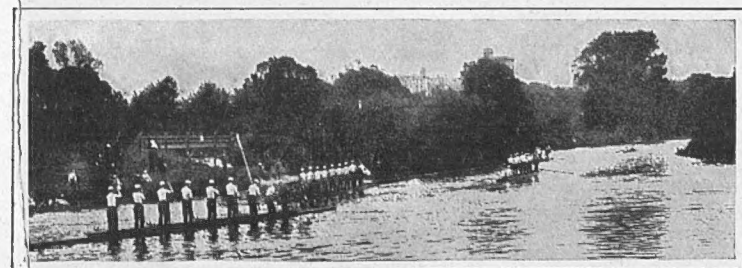
Stars and celebrities have a way of disappointing one when met privately, but none of the clever people I met at a party recently failed to live up to their reputations, which are brilliant—as you will realise when I tell you they were Lady Margaret Sackville, Lady Dorothy Mills, Ambrose McEvoy, Fryn Tennyson Jesse, Alex Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thesiger, and Helen Morris. And they hobnobbed in the most delightful way—did not each want all the limelight, as such celebrities are reputed to do.

Poetry and Romance.

The Players of the Gate, who have a season at the Kennington Theatre terminating on June 29, offer some interesting plays to their patrons. Here are some of the authors—Shakespeare, John Drinkwater, Jack Edwards, John Galsworthy, W. S. Gilbert, Gwen Lally, F. A. McCallum, and W. B. Yeats. One of the authors, I notice, is playing in another author's play. I mean Miss Gwen Lally, who appears in the Galsworthy play.



THE 4TH OF JUNE AT ETON: THE HEADMASTER, DR. ALINGTON, CALLING "ABSENCE," AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL, MARJORIBANKS.



A WAR-TIME COMMEN. AT ETON: THE PROCESSION OF BOATS (UNDECORATED) SALUTING THE HEADMASTER.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

unusual attractions are offered. For instance, there is a Spanish Carpa, Spanish chocolate made by a special cook and served with delicious little Spanish cakes—of which Lord Rhondda would approve, for they contain no flour—a Gipsy Encampment, Pipers of the Scots Guards, a Spanish Dance by Mrs. Christopher Lowther, and money prizes. All this is to help the Surgical Requisites Association Orthopaedic Branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild; and two of the women, who have devoted themselves to making clever plaster casts to help shattered limbs, are going to model the hands of visitors to the Fair. From these Captain Derwent Wood will judge which is the most beautiful and which the most useful hand modelled. The modellers will be Miss Acheson and Miss Dunkels. An advantage of 1s. per ticket is gained by taking tickets before June 26;



A WELL KNOWN CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES MARRIED: THE REV. HOWARD G. MARSHALL AND HIS BRIDE (MISS E. MAUDE WINGFIELD) LEAVING CHRIST CHURCH, WOBURN SQUARE. Photograph by L.N.A.

The Players of the Gate, so my leaflet states, are a Co-operative Society formed for the production of plays of Poetry and Romance, and other "live" plays. One hopes they will meet with success.

Women at the Temple.

There was a special service for women war workers at the City Temple the other day. The sermon was preached by Miss Maude Royden, who is, without doubt, one of the most eloquent and high-minded

women that may be met in the day's work. She had much to say of inspiration and warning—not least that those who fought, as we fight, in the greatest of causes need no such low inspiration as boiling blood.

The Possibilities of Potatoes.

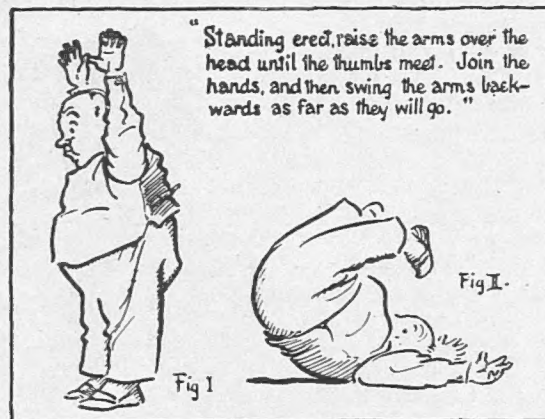
Princess Beatrice is evidently taking the greatest interest in our popular Food Controller's orders, and for her contribution to the Red Cross Book of Recipes, compiled by Lady Glenconner and Jessie E. Dunbar, has sent a recipe for potato pancake, which I can assure you is an economical as well as delicious dish.

On Her Way to St. Dunstan's.

Mme. Genée walks, as she dances, as lightly as a fairy. I saw her in town—up for the day from Brighton, where she is now staying—on her way to St. Dunstan's, where she works regularly. Mme. Genée takes her war work seriously, and, now that she is at Brighton, will no doubt be joining forces with Lady Forbes-Robertson, who is well known in all the hospitals. I hear she is due to appear at the Red Cross Hospital for Officers at Percival Terrace, where an entertainment is being arranged under the direction of one of the patients, Lieutenant J. Innes Ker Ballantyne, who was recently decorated for services in Serbia by our gallant Allies the Serbians.

More Battle Pictures.

The Grafton Galleries are becoming a very war-like spot, and now Australian battle-photographs are on the walls. These are in colour, but actually taken in a colour process—not coloured afterwards, as in the case of the recent exhibition there. It is a very fine show indeed; and



"Garden stiffness after digging, etc., may be almost entirely banished if a few 'simple exercises' are followed night and morning."—*The Star.*

ardent worker in the past for Women's Suffrage and Child Welfare, the friend of Dr. Elsie Inglis, with whom she shared many dangerous adventures in Roumania and Russia when she went out as Administrator to a Scottish Women's Hospital Unit. The appearance of a volume of poems from her pen has come as a surprise to almost everyone, and there was an overflow gathering of friends and critics in Mrs. Eyre Macklin's charming studio in St. John's Wood last Sunday afternoon to hear a reading from the new book, "In War and Peace: Songs of a Scotswoman." Miss Miriam Lewes, a picturesque figure in a champagne-coloured frock and hat fashioned on the severe lines she affects, was the reader, and her beautiful voice gave full effect to a series of poems of very varied character, the war-verses in particular being of deep interest, embodying as they do dramatic scenes and episodes in which Miss Henderson played a part. It was a curiously cosmopolitan gathering. The Serbian and Roumanian Legations had turned up in force, the *Voice of India* was represented by its editor and contributors, Russia and France by various writers and artists, and West Africa by Cynthia Stockley, exotic in purple, with a long flowing veil.



TO MARRY MR. LESTER C. DRINGER, U.S. ARMY. ON JUNE 22: MISS KITTY PRICE.

Miss Price was detained in Berlin when the war began, and was released through Mr. Gerard, the U.S. Ambassador. She has since worked at the Allied Delegations in London, and latterly at the U.S. Headquarters. Mr. Dringer is in the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army.—[Photograph by Hawes.]

those whose interest lies in Palestine in particular will hasten there, many of the Eastern photographs being so clear that friends can be readily recognised in the pictures.

Poetry and Practicalness.

Most of Miss Mary Henderson's friends have till now known her only as a woman of action—as an



"Mr. Lloyd George says that Scotland's message to him is 'Stand fast!' likewise 'Sit tight!'" Both at once—mere child's-play to him.



THE when and the where of Lady Randolph Churchill's marriage to Mr. Montagu Porph were well kept, and the small "congregation" at the Paddington Registry Office was composed almost entirely of relatives. Society will not be the only loser if Lady Randolph really carries out her decision to sail for Nigeria in the autumn, for she is a zealous war-worker, and has been untiring in her efforts for various charities ever since August 1914. An interesting example of the varied talents of the titled, Lady Randolph, besides being an acknowledged leader in the social world, is something more than an amateur artist, a pianist with a reputation that more than one "professional" might envy, a gifted authoress, and a born organiser.

The Rivals. Gertrude Lady Decies is not the only champion of the blameless bunny. Mrs. Lionel Guest is making its cause her own. Lady Decies has opened a bright green-painted shop in Belgravia; a trap-door from the library in Mrs. Guest's house in Seymour Street leads to a home that any rabbit might envy. Her rabbit enterprise is not, of course, Mrs. Guest's first experience in live-stock raising. Lord Wimborne's sister-in-law has had practical experience of poultry-keeping at her island home in Quebec, and is, I fancy, the only woman who can claim to have attended to chickens in a white muslin dress and picture hat without detriment to either.

The Wedding of the Week. How many people who watched the wedding of the Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Somerset remembered that the youthful bride—she was only twenty-one last April—is a remote relation of his Majesty himself? John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," is an ancestor whom the King shares with his ducal subject. The St. Germans, of course, have nothing to do with Hunland. St. German is a genuine Cornish saint. The family descend from that Sir John Eliot who incurred the resentment of Charles I. for his part in impeaching Buckingham, and died a State prisoner in the Tower. It is not so long since the family gave up their Wiltshire property, but they retain their charming Cornish place, Port Eliot, kissed by the waves of the English Channel.

A Duke and the Prussians. I notice that the Duke of Somerset has rather sharply criticised the objection taken to the letter of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem to the Prussian Order of St. John, praying it to use its influence with the German Government to stop breaches of the Geneva Convention. The Duke is a great Tory, as befits the holder of a title which dates from 1547. He is only surpassed in the strength of his Conservative convictions by his Duchess, who was the target of many winged shafts of Radical wit over her opposition to the Budget and the Insurance Act. She is a clever woman, a painter of some merit, and wields a pen which is sometimes trenchant and always interesting. It may be added that she is an ideal

hostess and a super-philanthropist. There is no better assorted couple in the Peerage. The Somersets descend from the younger branch of the Seymours—a fact which was remembered by the Sir Edward Seymour who welcomed Dutch William to these shores. "You belong to the Duke of Somerset's family, I believe," said William, thinking to be gracious. "Pardon me, your Highness," replied the proud Knight; "the Duke belongs to my family."

New Honours. Still, they come. Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights, Dames, "Members" of this and that: every new list adds to the complication of life. It looks as if the end of the war would see this country fully committed to the German "rat" system, by which a title of some kind or other goes to everybody who has any claim to be anybody.

Some Deserved Awards. When that is said, it must be allowed that there is nothing glaringly wrong with the lists. Lord Rhondda, for example, richly deserves his Viscounty; and few will quarrel with the step in the Peerage given to Lord St. Davids in recognition of his admirable war work. The knighthood of Mr. Le Sage, of the *Daily Telegraph*, comes late in life. It is curious that this veteran was not in a much earlier list, but he is something of a hermit. I suppose no man of equal position in Fleet Street is so little known. Sir R. D. Muir well deserves to be known as "Sir"; he is the perfect Crown prosecutor—unemotional, stately, always saying just enough and no more. With his eye severe and face of normal legal cut, I never suspected Mr. Muir of a capacity for human weakness until in a famous case he almost broke down in expressing his sympathy for the man against whom he was pleading.

A Strenuous War Worker. Sir Leicester Harmsworth gets his baronetcy rather as a politician than as a newspaper magnate. In fact, he has not been very closely associated with journalistic activities, but, alone among the famous brothers, turned his attention early to the House of Commons, to which he has stuck for nearly eighteen years. He is a useful Member, and has remained faithful to his creed as a Liberal of Imperialist tendency. He has done much excellent war work.

Lady Mackworth and Domestic Service. Lady Mackworth asks us to correct a statement made in our last issue, that she has taken part in the movement for organising a new Domestic Service Corps, and informs us that she is not in any way associated with the scheme. The subject was discussed last week at a meeting of the Women's Industrial Council in the Æolian Hall, presided over by Mrs. C. S. Peel, in the absence, through indisposition, of Viscountess Rhondda. Lady Mackworth, formerly known as Miss Margaret Haig Thomas, is the only child of Viscount and Viscountess Rhondda. She married, in 1908, Sir Humphrey Mackworth, seventh Baronet, of Oaklands, Carleon, Monmouthshire.



TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY
MISS VERA HASLIP.

Miss Haslip, whose marriage to Captain Greville J. T. Sanders, East Surrey Regiment, son of the late Mr. Maxwell J. Sanders, and Mrs. Holt Schooling, of Hastings, is fixed for June 15, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Haslip, of Willow Grange, Twickenham.—Mlle. Hinda de Miremont, whose engagement to Lt.-Commander G. Moncreiffe, R.N., of Upper Berkeley Street, W., is announced, is the only child of the Comte and Comtesse de Miremont.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Bassano.



ENGAGED: Mlle. DE
MIREMONT.



MARRIED ON JUNE 7:
MISS HELEN WASBROUGH
(MRS. ANDREW HAY).

Miss Helen Wasbrough, daughter of Mr. W. B. Wasbrough, of Harrow and Wantage, served as a V.A.D. nurse at St. Thomas's Hospital. Her marriage to Captain Andrew Hay, R.A., took place on June 7, at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, S.W.—Miss Long, whose engagement to Colonel E. F. Briggs, D.S.O., R.A.F., who has been a prisoner in Germany, is announced, is a grandchild of the late Edwin Long, R.A., the famous painter.—[Photographs by Vandyk and Lafayette.]



A GRANDCHILD OF AN
R.A. ENGAGED: MISS
VIOLET LONG.



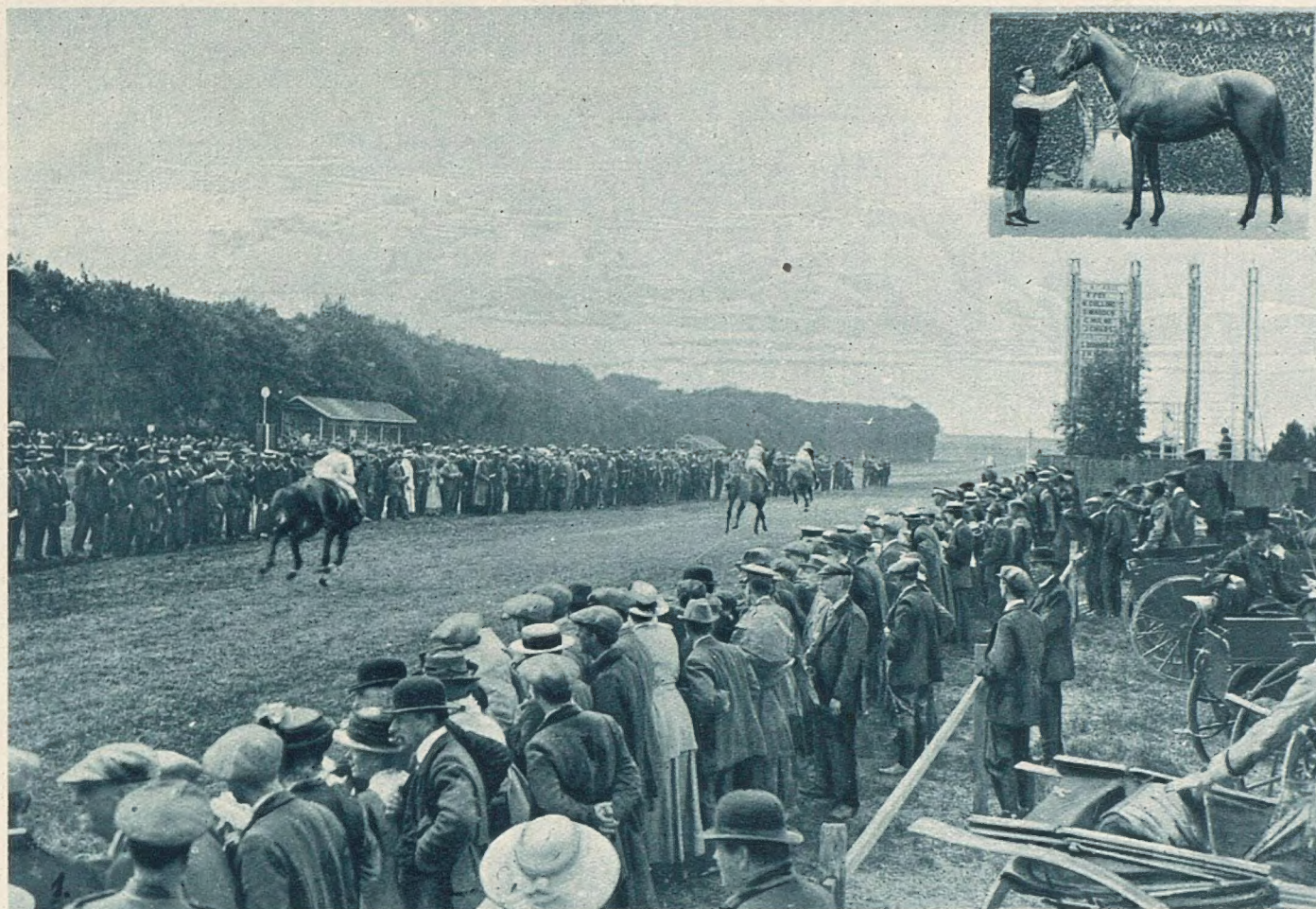
ENGAGED: MISS NORA
KATHLEEN EYRE.

Miss Eyre, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Eyre, late A.P.D., and Mrs. Eyre, The Hütch, Seabrook, Hythe, has been a worker on the land. Her engagement to Lieutenant C. A. W. Duffield, M.C., Royal West Kent Regiment, is announced.—Miss Freda Read, whose engagement to marry Lieutenant A. C. Attwood, R.A.M.C., is announced, is the younger daughter of Sir Hercules Read, of the British Museum, and Lady Read.—[Photos. by Swaine and Mendoza Galleries.]



ENGAGED: MISS FRED A
READ.

THE FIRST "WOMAN'S DERBY": GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS OWNER.



1. THE REMOVAL OF THE DERBY FROM EPSOM TO NEWMARKET: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE, WITH DERBY HORSES PASSING THE STANDS FOR THE STARTING-POST. INSET—THIS YEAR'S DERBY WINNER: GAINSBOROUGH.

2. THE OWNER: LADY JAMES DOUGLAS, WITH LORD LONSDALE.

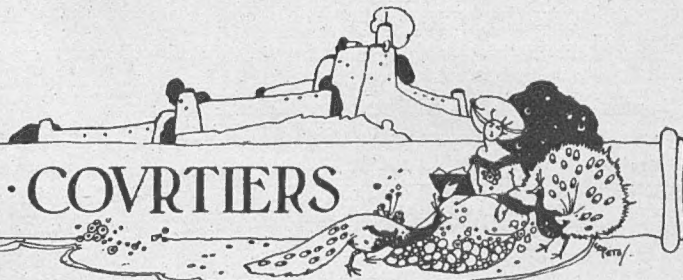
Two special points of interest marked the race for the New Derby Stakes, run last Tuesday. First, the event came off at Newmarket instead of Epsom; and secondly, it was won for the first time by a lady owner, Lady James Douglas, whose colt, Gainsborough, had a fairly easy victory.

3. LEADING IN THE WINNER: GAINSBOROUGH (J. CHILDS UP.)

His sire was Bayardo, a winner of the St. Leger, and his dam, Rosedrop, who won the Oaks. Second and third place in the Derby fell respectively to Major W. Astor's Blink and Sir William Tatem's Treclare. Sir William, by the way, received a barony in the Birthday Honours the other day.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS



A GREAT deal has been made of a disparity between the ages of a recent bride and bridegroom. But, whatever the calendar may declare, it is certain that we are now in the era of youthful grandmothers; and of all that gay company Lady Randolph Churchill has been one of the admitted leaders. Even a couple of days before her wedding, when the secret had leaked out, she could do the civil to Pressmen out for information, but not the serious. A newspaper rang her up on the telephone to ask if Mr. Porch were an American. "Oh, no," she

replied; "a Chinaman." She could almost hear the word being written down by her interrogator, and the next morning she opened the news-sheet all expectation to see her joke in being. But the editor had thought better of it, and the lady had to bear one of those disappointments that seem incidental to the happiest of occasions.



AN IRISH WAR-WORKER:
LADY EILEEN BROWNE.

Lady Eileen Browne, who, from the early days of the war, has worked for various war charities, is the eldest of the three daughters of the Marquess of Sligo.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

A Keppel Wedding.

Two Norfolk families will be brought together by the marriage of Lord Marsham, Lord Romney's heir, and Miss Marie Keppel, daughter of Sir Colin Keppel (who was Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh), and grand-daughter of Sir Harry Keppel, beloved of Royalty and popular with all as a sailor who was the rarest of rare salts. He wrote his *Reminiscences*, and his relative, Lord Albemarle, did the same; but, somehow, what the Keppels write is not nearly so interesting as what the Keppels say. A little happiness in the immediate family of the bride, who will certainly make "a lovely Romney," seems to be fairly due. For, apart from what she herself has suffered by the distressing omnibus accident to her foot, one heavy blow was the death in action of George Dawson-Damer, Lord Portarlington's brother, to whom her sister was engaged; and another was the sudden death of her uncle, Admiral Sir Frederick Hamilton. In how many families of late have wedding-bells and the funeral toll sounded in succession as never before!

A Family Record.

Captain and Mrs. Loder-Symonds, of Hinton Manor, Berks, have lost four sons in the war—four of five—the surviving fifth a Captain in the Navy. That is a record to be written rather in tears than in ink. But it calls for some mention because nowhere have I seen in the notices of Captain W. Loder-Symonds, Wiltshire Regiment, attached R.A.F., who was killed in a flying accident the other morning, any allusion to his romantic marriage. That event took place only a couple of months before his death, under quite unusual conditions. Captain



CONGRATULATED ON THE BIRTH OF
A SECOND SON: THE HON. MRS.
GEORGE LAMBTON.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton is the sister-in-law of the Earl of Durham, and was, before her marriage, very popular in Society as Miss Cecily Horner, daughter of Sir John Francis Fortescue Horner, K.C.V.O., of Mells Park, Frome. Mrs. Lambton has also a son born in 1909, and a daughter, born in 1912.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NEW GROUP: THE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE AND HER CHILDREN.

The Countess of Athlone is the daughter of the late Duke of Albany, and wife of the Earl of Athlone, who was formerly Prince Alexander, son of the late Francis, Duke of Teck. Her son, born in 1907, bears the title of Viscount Trematon, and his sister, born in 1906, that of Lady May Cambridge.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

Loder-Symonds had been a prisoner-of-war in Germany for over three years when, disguised as a German seaman, he made his escape. On his wedding morning, he drove himself across country for the first time in a motor, had a breakdown, and kept the bride waiting in church. The wedding-guests became alarmed; but the bride kept her courage—she who had waited for over three years was not daunted by a further delay of thirty minutes. And then the happy man made everyone else happy by his arrival—late, but sound of limb.

A Feint and a Faint.

Some day, perhaps, an enthralling book for boys will be written by the little handful of men who manage to escape from German prisons. Captain Loder-Symonds himself had a very strange story to tell, and he told it to the King, who commanded him to the Palace on his first homecoming from his German prison. He and the fellow-officer with whom he escaped travelled by train in a carriage crowded by Germans. Suddenly he felt ill, and, forgetting himself, said to his friend, and in English, "Good God, I'm going to faint!" And faint he did, without, however, exciting suspicion even by his speech. If ever such records are written, a special pathos will attach to the experiences of men who, like Captain W. Loder-Symonds, gained their liberty only to lose their lives.

The New Venture. There really is sometimes a fitness in things, for Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt is to marry Mr. Ray Baker, the Master of the American Mint. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who lost her first husband in the *Lusitania*, owns an appreciable portion of the wealth of America with which Mr. Baker is concerned—she owns, indeed, what people call "a mint of money." Almost on the day of this matrimonial announcement I saw the *Venture*, Mrs. Vanderbilt's famous craft on the Thames, advertised for sale. One Venture at a time!

A Word in Season.

American soldiers have brought over a characteristic word—"smileage." When, for instance, dismal men at the Front talk about the mileage we have to recover, Sammy chirps in with the remark that we have never lost our smileage. The word carries a sort of solid business significance with it, so that it really is found to be an asset of instant value in all departments and among all ranks. Even tickets for camp theatres are issued as part of the smileage campaign, the plays produced being obviously quite other than those which, when discussed, add a new horror even to courts of law.



A NEW PORTRAIT: LADY
TICHBORNE.

Lady Tichborne was, before her marriage, Miss Denise Greville, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Algernon Fulke Greville, of Elm Park Gardens, S.W.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

AND DAUGHTERS: THE HON. LADY MEUX.



WIFE OF A FAMOUS ADMIRAL: HON. LADY MEUX.



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LADY MEUX: LADY STANLEY.



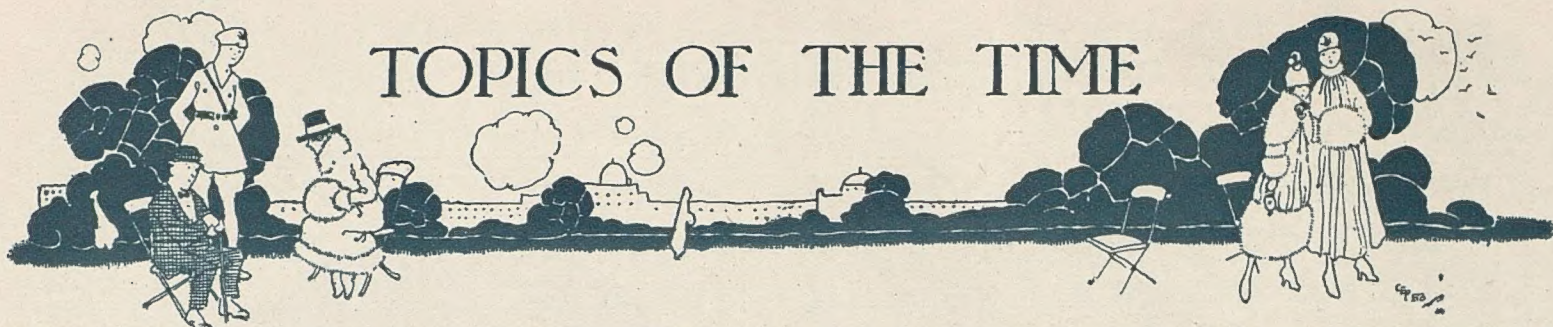
SECOND DAUGHTER OF LADY MEUX: HON. MRS. MILLS.



THE THIRD DAUGHTER: HON. MRS. DE TRAFFORD.

The Hon. Lady Meux, wife of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, brother of the Earl of Durham, was the daughter of the first Baron Alington, and widow of Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of the fifth Earl Cadogan. The three daughters of Lady Meux and Viscount Chelsea of whom we give portraits are Lady Stanley, wife of Lord Stanley, Grenadier Guards, and

formerly the Hon. Sibyl Cadogan, Maid-of-Honour to the Queen; the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Mills, wife of Captain the Hon. Arthur Mills, M.P., formerly the Hon. Edith Cadogan; and the Hon. Mrs. de Trafford, wife of Captain Humphrey de Trafford, M.C., Coldstream Guards, who, before her marriage, was the Hon. Cynthia Cadogan. Lady Meux has five daughters.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I—and the Post! Well, between the proverbial three of us, it's pretty handsome, after all Four ounces for three-halfpence! Perhaps a little more generous than some of us may now and then care for.

Now, four ounces for three-ha'pence, when you haven't any stray pence, is a precious lot of matter for the price. You can write your letter longer, and have space to put it stronger, when appealing to your uncle for "advice."

But it has its other side, for when, instead of what you've tried for, come four ounces of refusal and abuse, you'll admit, with some confusion, you've adopted a delusion, and that *two* can put three-ha'pence to its use!

But there was bound to be some grouching. As a famous Labour Leader remarked only the other day, "Some people are born grouching, and will only cease to grouse when they die."

The birth of little Baby Brown completely changed a happy house. The minute he "arrived in town" his Babyship began to grouse. He grumbled at the sudden light, and kicked the "specs" off Dr. Panel; he screamed at Nurse with all his might, and hated being bound in flannel. (They had to call a neighbour in to help them with the safety-pin.)

When given bottled milk to drink, he grumbled at the rubber teat; and lo! in less than half a wink he'd spat it out all down the sheet. His ipecacuanha wine was in the same direction sent. The quality was far from fine—for which he blamed the Government. (The British Government's to blame for anything you like to name.)



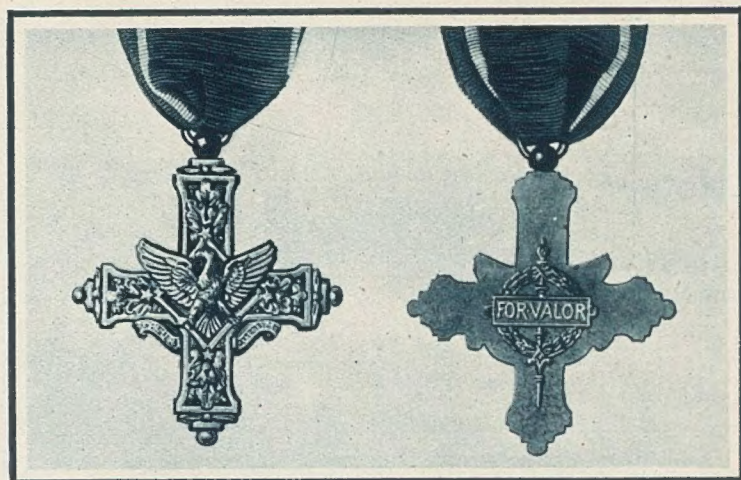
A WAR ROMANCE FROM WOOLWICH ARSENAL: MR. A. H. SELF, WELFARE SUPERVISION CONTROLLER, AND HIS BRIDE-ELECT, MISS OTTER.

Motor-driving on duty brought Mr. Self and Miss Otter together. Miss Otter, the daughter of Sir John and Lady Otter, of Brighton, met her fiancé while on duty as a lady driver for the Welfare Supervision Department of which Mr. Self is in charge as Controller.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

And so through each successive age, from Number One to Number Seven, he'd work himself into a rage o'er any matter under Heaven. At ninety, when the doctor said he'd but an hour or two to last, he rose indignantly in bed and growled that every clock was fast. (No grouser ever grouched with such a really fine artistic touch.)

The roses have arrived. I mean the real roses—the roses in season, the roses of June, the roses of one's garden, where they

share the sun with the green-fly and the withering caterpillar, and survive (some of them) the night frosts in their late-May budding. I care little for the coal-and-coke forced roses of April and May, that smell only of the musty perspiration of hot-houses, and present to the imagination little but a bumptious compromise with Nature and an appalling waste. There's something inexpressibly fine about the roses that fight their way bravely through the hardships



AMERICA'S NEWLY INSTITUTED WAR CROSS: FRONT (LEFT); BACK (RIGHT).

The decoration, which has quite recently been authorised by the U.S. Government as the "Distinguished Service War Cross of the American Army," bears on its face the American Eagle and the national motto—"E Pluribus Unum." The wording on the reverse, "For Valor," corresponds to the "For Valour" inscription on our V.C. With us it is displayed on the face of the Victoria Cross, together with the British Lion emblem.

of blight, and bloom all in their own good time. I remember someone singing to me once—it must have been in the days when the poor were not rich—a thought to this effect—

The rich have their roses in April, they say,
when only the primrose should be. And I
have my roses when God says I may, and
those are the roses for me!

Is there a patriotic song about Noah, I wonder? I'm sure there ought to be, and that the British Navy would be the first to agree that there should be. He was the first to keep the race's head above water, and perhaps the "Noah's Ark touch" was the foundation of that "Nelson touch" of which we rightly hear so much to-day—and of which the more we hear the better?

When the Flood made free of the land and the sea, and the world was an endless ocean, it was Noah, no doubt, who was out and about with the earliest naval notion; and he saved the race in a difficult case, for his Ark was the first big liner, and he kept afloat with his lumbering boat with a skill that could not be finer—with a courage and skill and a bulldog will, and a pluck that could not be finer!

Yes, I'm sure there ought to be a patriotic song about Noah; and, with so much in our revues dating back to the Flood, it is rather curious that it should have been overlooked.

The Royal Standard suit is neat, and strong enough to stand the racket. And now, to make the thing complete, the King will get a Union Jacket.

Frank Foster, the famous Warwickshire and England cricketer, is, I see, training for a pilot in the R.A.F.

"All the best to you, Frank!" was the toast that I drank when I heard that the Hun was your wicket. But I felt all the same 'twas a one-sided game when your foe had no notion of cricket!

A. B. M.

COMPTON—FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD: AN ENGAGEMENT.



TO MARRY SHORTLY: MISS SYLVIA FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD; AND CAPTAIN EDWARD COMPTON.

Miss Sylvia Farquharson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Haldane Farquharson of Invercauld. Her mother was Miss Zoe Musgrave, daughter of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Edenhall—of the Luck! Captain Edward Compton, Dragoons, is heir-presumptive to the Marquessate of

Northampton, and is the eldest son of Lady Alwyne Compton and the late Captain Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, D.S.O., third son of the fourth Marquess of Northampton. Captain Compton, whose portrait is inset in this page, served in the European war, and was wounded in 1915.

Photographs by Bertram Park.

"HARNESS" FOR THE LADIES: A WAR-TIME DRESS IDEA.



WITH "HARNESS" MADE BY SHELL-SHOCK PATIENTS: THE HAWKEY NATIONAL DRESS, WITH VARIATIONS.

Standard suits for civilians have already received royal approval. The same can be said of the Hawkey national dress, several of which have been ordered by the Queen of Spain. Except the last (in the right-hand lower corner) all the above photographs show Mrs. Hawkey, the inventor

of the costume, wearing the same foundation dress (as seen in the first photograph), varied by the addition of different "harness" in the shape of collars, with long ends containing pockets, and belts. This "harness" is made by shell-shock patients at Lady Neville's shops for the disabled.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.

A BRIDE-TO-BE—AND DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS “SIGNATURE.”



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN BASIL LAING CLAY: MISS SYBIL NAIRNE.

Miss Sybil Nairne is the daughter of Sir Gordon and Lady Nairne, of Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park. Her mother was Mlle. Narciza, fifth daughter of the late Baron da Costa Ricci, Attaché of the Portuguese Legation in London. Her father, Sir Gordon Nairne, is the well-known Chief Cashier of the Bank

of England, whose signature on a bank-note transmutes a bit of crinkled paper into a valuable form of currency. Miss Nairne is to be married to Captain Basil Laing Clay, Gold Coast Regiment, who is the elder son of Captain and Mrs. Clay, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Photograph by Yvonde.

THE SPIN OF THE COYNE IN THE



1. AN AIRMAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF: MR. JOSEPH COYNE AS ROBERT STREET.

5. HELP! MR. JOSEPH COYNE FINDS A STOUT SUPPORTER IN MR. ROY BYFORD.

2. TAKING COVER: MR. JOSEPH COYNE; AND MR. ROY BYFORD AS SAM ROBINSON.

6. FAREWELL TO THE FAIR BEFORE THE START—THE PRIZE, THE RIVALS, AND MELFORD AS HOPKINSON BROWN; MR. COYNE; MISS MARJORIE GORDON

The new musical comedy at the Gaiety is an airman's evening. Robert Street, an author, has set all America talking about his new book, "Going Up," and everyone takes him to be a past-master in aviation, whereas he has never flown in his life. This fact he does not confess, and presently he is challenged by a real airman, Jules Gaillard, to a race. The girl for whose hand Robert and Jules are rivals, Grace Douglas, promises to marry the winner. Love lends wings to

THE AIR: "GOING UP," AT THE GAIETY.



3. "GOING UP": MISS EVELYN LAYE AS MADELINE; MR. COYNE (IN THE MACHINE); MR. BYFORD (STARTING PROPELLER.)

4. PUT TO FLIGHT BY LOVE: MR. JOSEPH COYNE AS ROBERT STREET.

AND THEIR MASCOTS: (L. TO R., BEGINNING THIRD FROM LEFT) MISS LAYE; MR. AUSTIN AS GRACE DOUGLAS; MR. HENRY DE BRAY AS JULES; AND MR. ROY BYFORD.

7. LEARNING TO FLY BY THE BOOK: MR. COYNE; AND MR. ROY BYFORD.

Robert's courage, and he proceeds to learn the art of flying "by the book," in about twelve hours! Then the competitors "go up," and—still more marvellous—Robert wins. The large centre photograph shows the group before the start. Grace has given each of her suitors a mascot in the shape of a flag, which they are seen wearing round the neck—Robert the Stars and Stripes, and Jules the French Tricolour.

MAIDIE OF RUNNYMEDE: THE CHÂTELAINE



WITH HER HUSBAND, MR. JOHN MCGREGOR,
LONDON SCOTTISH: MISS MAIDIE SCOTT.



IN MISS MAIDIE SCOTT'S HOME ON MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND:
THE DRAWING-ROOM.



A HISTORIC HOUSE OWNED BY A POPULAR COMÉDIENNE:
THE DINING-ROOM.



ON STORIED GROUND: MISS MAIDIE SCOTT
IN HER GARDEN AT RUNNYMEDE.



WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE "SILVER-WINDING"
THAMES: THE OLD ENTRANCE-HALL.

Seven hundred and three years ago—on June 15, 1215—King John set his seal to the great charter of English liberty at Runnymede, on an island in the Thames near Staines, since known as Magna Charta Island. This historic spot, with the house built by the Harcourt family, is now the property of Miss Maidie Scott, the well-known comédienne, who owns the island itself and the surrounding meadows—an estate of about forty acres in all. Her husband, Mr. John McGregor, is in

Photographs by

OF MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND; AND HER LORD.



THE MISTRESS OF MAGNA CHARTA
ISLAND: MISS MAIDIE SCOTT.



SHOWING THE "MAGNA CHARTA TABLE": THE INTERIOR
OF THE ENTRANCE-HALL.



MISS MAIDIE SCOTT'S OWN PARTICULAR SANCTUM:
THE BOUDOIR.



A FOUR-POSTER FIT FOR A KING AND QUEEN:
A BED-ROOM.

the London Scottish Regiment. As our photographs show, the beautiful old place is in good hands, and its historic memories are studiously preserved. The actual sealing of Magna Charta is believed to have taken place beneath one of the old trees in the garden. Miss Maidie Scott, we may recall, made her first appearance in London, at the Hammersmith Palace, on July 2, 1906, and has since been seen at almost every important music-hall in the Kingdom.



PRESSING INTO SERVICE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

IN an interesting lecture recently a well-known member of the English aristocracy gave us a prophecy on our servantless state after the war. It is no good my attempting to relate to you what the lecturer said in his own words, for, partly through a disorderly imagination, and partly through journalistic training, absolute accuracy is not my tremendous trait; but the gist of the speech was this: After the war (why after the war, I wondered?) there will be no bland butlers to taste our wines, no black-robed Hebes to fetch and carry (gossip included!), no lady's-maid to pull our hair and burn our ears with the curling-tongs and also with scandal, no perky pages to run for the wrong newspaper, no bits of boys in buttons and freckles to infuriate the 'phone exchange and exasperate the dog—in short, that our servants, having tasted the fruit of freedom at munitioning, will mutiny at mere menial service; and, having cracked the nut of knowledge at different Ministries, our young ladies in waiting will leave us, and we shall be badly left—comfortless!

But some of us don't refuse to be comforted. They believe there is a great deal in "Help thyself, and heaven helps thee." This principle is not, of course, to be applied to table behaviour, nor is it to be interpreted in a satirical or flippant spirit.

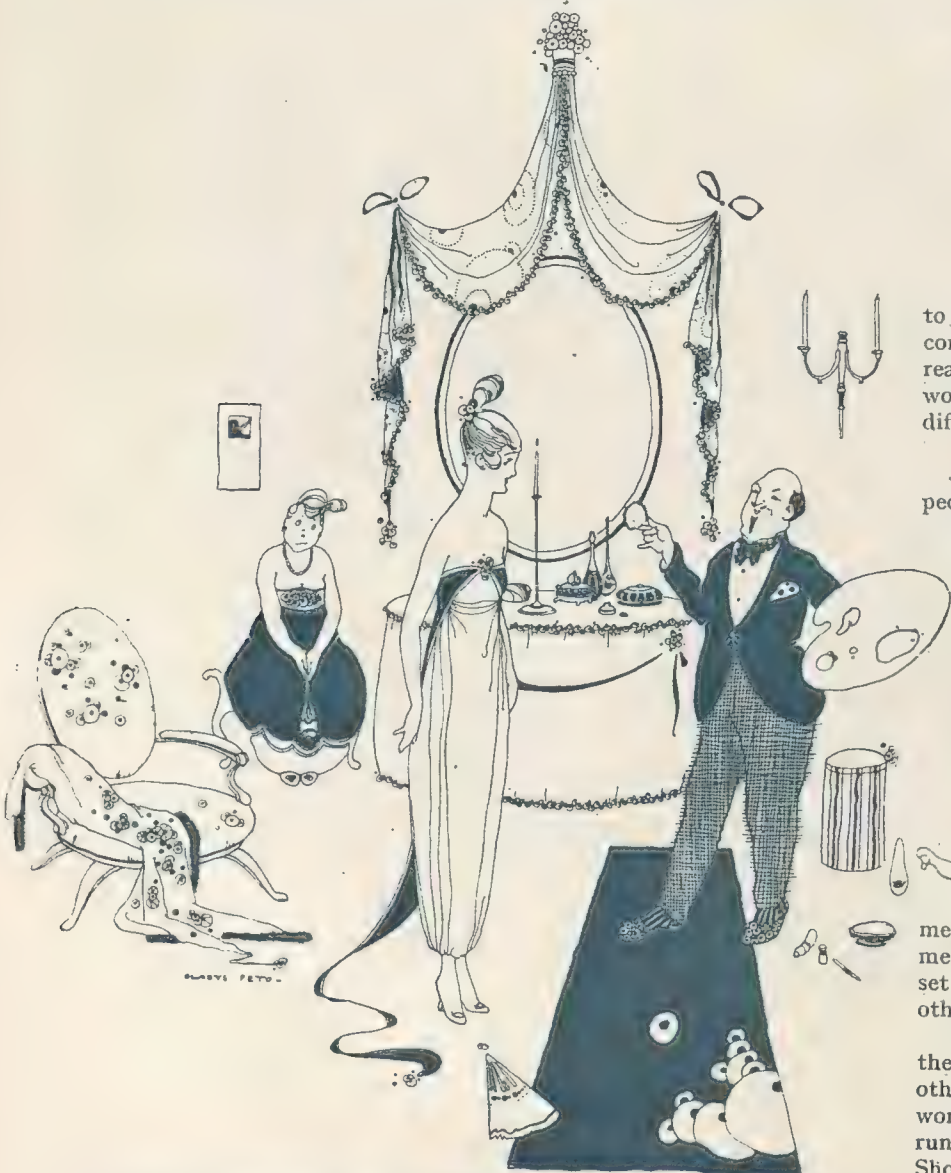
For instance, when you next lunch at the Lord Mayor's, don't grab the turtle, leaving the others in the soup. Heaven then would absolutely refuse to help you, and with some reason. But, on the other hand, heaven help you if you do not help yourself—in life I mean, not at the Mansion House!

The labour-saving devices as illustrated recently in "Press the Button" have not always such disastrous results as in Mr. Hichens's

farce. In fact, almost every device the author hit upon is in existence (except, perhaps, as regards the automatic mattress, which has its impossibilities) in a model Electricity House somewhere in provincial France—I believe it is Lyons. It would be easy



"The Belle Dame of the set would interview the butcher boy."



"A Royal Academician would be asked to help the ladies in making up."

to run a house without servants or the help of startling mechanical contrivances by uniting not forces, but weaknesses. It stands to reason that all men are not Admirable Crichtons in embryo, nor all women Marthas—I am sorry to be thus mixing periods, but it is difficult to find offhand two sound standards of domesticity.

The Upton Sinclair stunt of communal life for uncommon people had its obvious advantages. To tell you the truth, I don't know how the venture did end, or whether it was a success; but even in the former case we are aware that the best friends must part. A sort of Socialistic servantless circle for Society people would have its piquant side. Everyone in that circle would be expected to devote his or her energies to the task for which he or she was best fitted, on the sublime principle which they are now applying to the latest recruits of forty and over.

For instance, if that communistic Society numbered, say, a surgeon among its members, that surgeon would do the carving; another member who would happen to be a Royal Academician would be asked to varnish the bath, blacklead the stove, hang curtains, help the ladies in making up, drape them in their clothes, and so on. The great golfer in the group would use his driving power to beat carpets. The best bridge-player would keep the accounts, and leave cards on, acquaintances. To a member of the Athenæum Club would be entrusted the entertainment department and after-dinner stories. The *belle dame* of the set would interview the butcher boy, the baker, the grocer, and other powers that be.

The globe-trotter, explorer, and big-game hunter would feed the cats and mind the canaries. The spinster ladies would look after other people's babies, and bring them up on little-known and wonderful systems. I leave the rest of the arrangements of how to run such a virtuous circle to your own imagination, my readers. Should you start one such club and ask me to join in, I'll devote all my time and energy in arranging the flowers.

LADY HELEN CONYNNGHAM'S WEDDING: SOME SNAPSHOTS.



BLOWING FAREWELL ON A HUNTING HORN: THE MARQUESS CONYNNGHAM.



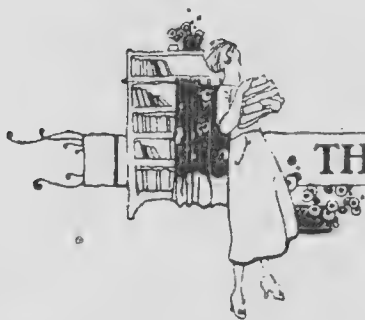
SISTERS: THE BRIDE, WITH LADY EDINA AINSWORTH.



AFTER THE WEDDING: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND BRIDE'S BROTHER.

The wedding of Lady Barbara Helen Conyngham, youngest daughter of the Marchioness Conyngham, Slane Castle, Co. Meath, to Major Dermot Hugh Bingham McCalmont, M.C., Hussars, only son of General Sir Hugh McCalmont and the Hon. Lady McCalmont, of Mount Juliet, Co. Kilkenny, took place on June 3, at St. Patrick's Church, Slane. The bride wore white satin with sleeves of silver lace, and was given away

by the Marquess Conyngham, A.D.C., Irish Horse. She carried a wreath of myrtle and orange-blossoms, and wore a string of pearls and a diamond necklace, gifts of the bridegroom and his father. Her train was carried by Master Oliver Lambert, son of Sir Francis Lambert, C.V.O., of Beauparc, and the best man was Mr. H. F. Persse, of Chattis Hill.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



YESTERDAY, while I was killing an odd half-hour in a friendly book-shop, I noticed an elegant lady hovering in front of the shelves. Her hands fluttered butterfly-like along a row of new novels. Now and then she settled on one, opened it, glanced inside, and thrust it back. Presently, she closed one and, instead of returning it to the shelf, laid it aside on a small table. Then she dipped into another that seemed to appeal to her, and tucked it under her arm. I had never seen anybody, even a reviewer, form an

opinion on literature with such lightning rapidity. She apparently read only the first and last paragraphs, and knew at once whether the story was one she wanted or not.

I was so fascinated that, when she had moved a little away, I edged up to the table and appropriated the book she had placed in reserve. On its wrapper was a picture of an anxious, nice-looking girl, with the shadowy figures of two men in the background, and it was called "Whose Wife?" Following her example, I turned straight to Chapter I, which began, "I must tell him to-night. . . . He is my husband now, and between husband and wife there should be no secrets. . . . Oh, I dare not. . . . I dare not. . . . put off the evil hour." Then I skipped straight to the end and gulped the final sentence: "'I guess there won't be much question as to whose wife you will be,' he said."

Nobody could hesitate over a novel of that kind. You couldn't

bear to go about wondering, all the rest of the day, why she wasn't sure which of the two shadowy men on the cover was her husband, and which was not; and I might have gone to the desk, paid my money, and carried it off myself, but by now she was approaching with two others under her arm, so I restored it to the table indifferently and walked out.

But she had put a sort of spell on me, and as soon as I got home I couldn't help using her touchstone on "The Willow Tree." It starts: "The owl in the pinewood behind the house had ceased crying, and away beyond the valley below . . ." and it finishes: "She vanished, and he turned away with a last glance at the sunset, whose furious colours, breaking up from the West, seemed sheeting the whole Eastern world with the light of the Great War." Would this have tempted her to put the book under her arm? I think it would if she had seen the play on which the story is founded, and especially if she already knew the delicate cunning of de Vere Stacpoole's style, and so could guess what he would make of that exquisite Japanese fantasy.

I also tried "The Old Card," which gave me this for a beginning: "Eliphalet Cardomay stepped from his first-class compartment to the platform. Potter, his dresser, having descended from the train while it was still in motion, respectfully held open the carriage door lest his august master should soil his beautiful wash-leather gloves." That's all right, but it doesn't bite you, and you only get for the last lines: "Say what you will, the stage isn't what it was, Manning—it isn't what it was." But, if you had put it back on the shelf, you would have missed a capital tale of theatrical life, with a quaint old actor, who is well worth knowing, playing the heavy lead in it.

"The Return of the Soldier" lends itself more satisfactorily to that way of sampling; but neither the first words—"Ah, don't begin to fuss!" wailed Kitty. 'If a woman begins to worry in these days because her husband hasn't written to her for a fortnight . . .!'—nor the last—"I heard her suck in her breath with satisfaction. 'He's cured!' she whispered slowly. 'He's cured!'"—prepare you for the cleverness and tense human drama of the novel that lies between them. It is a war story, but not of the orthodox pattern. Christopher Grey is invalided home from the front suffering from shell-shock and loss of memory. The last fifteen years have been blotted from his recollection, and he is reliving the lost days when he was passionately in love with Margaret Allington. He is conscious that something has happened to him; is prepared to believe that he is the husband of the unknown lady who is introduced to him as his wife; but he takes no interest in her. Nothing will content him until Margaret is sent for, and comes. She, too, is married now, and faded and dowdy; but he sees her through the eyes of his old love, and is not disillusioned, as they had thought he would be. It is a piquant situation, and Miss West handles it and the whole theme with characteristic subtlety and irony, and with a tenderness and sympathy she had not taught us to expect of her.

You would lose again if you played at heads and tails with "The Great Game." It doesn't catch you with anything startling at beginning or conclusion; nevertheless, it soon gets busy, and grips you with as stirring a romance of the time of Louis XIV. as you could wish to lay hands on.

And, when you take "Tumblefold," any notion of tasting it in a small bite at each end is altogether out of the question. The author speaks of it as "a book of memories"; Ben Tillet describes it in his foreword as "the sweetest human document I have ever heard of, or read"; and, anyhow, it reads so much like truth that one hesitates to class it as fiction, though its stories have delighted and impressed me more than any fiction I have read for long past. It does for the slums and mean streets of Wolverhampton what

"A Window in Thrums" did for a Scottish rural community; but its sentiment and pathos are less idyllic, more poignantly real. There is charm and humour, as well as grimness, in its simple realism; and with the same simple, unstressed truth of narration in such a story as "Claydabber's Sister," it clothes a squalid incident of common life with all the pity and power of great tragedy. It is no ordinary art that makes human nature seem so human and so ordinary as it seems in "Tumblefold."

BOOKS TO READ.

- Whose Wife?* By C. H. Bullivant. (Herbert Jenkins.)
The Willow Tree. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Old Card. By Roland Pertwee. (Cassell.)
The Return of the Soldier. By Rebecca West. (Nisbet.)
The Great Game. By Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul.)
Tumblefold. By Joseph Whittaker. With a Foreword by Ben Tillet, M.P. (Herbert Jenkins.)
The Garden of Survival. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)
Motley, and Other Poems. By Walter de la Mare. (Constable.)
Eminent Victorians. By Lytton Strachey. (Chatto and Windus.)



LAWN-TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: MRS. PERCY SARGENT, WIFE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SARGENT, D.S.O., R.A.M.C.

Photograph by Topical.



LAWN-TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: LORD D'ABERNON.

Photograph by Topical.



LAWN-TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: MISS NICHOLSON, MRS. ERNEST TWIST, AND MRS. ALFRED SUMMERS.

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DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



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NICE "DISTINCTIONS": THE NEW R.A.F. DECORATIONS.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

WHOEVER is responsible for originating the two new decorations for the Royal Air Force deserves every credit for sound common-sense. The Military Cross being purely an Army affair, and the Distinguished Service Cross being purely Naval, the R.A.F. people operating with the Army might conceivably have received the one, and those flying for the Navy might have had the other; but that would have led to odious comparisons, and, anyhow, one has never heard of naval officers serving with the Army receiving the M.C., so it would have been necessary either to leave the R.A.F. star turns undecorated—which is unthinkable—or to create a precedent, which is far more difficult than creating a new decoration altogether.

The D.S.O. and Two New Crosses. The Distinguished Service Order, happily, is open to all officers of the King's armed forces, and distinguished service may be quite as valuable when done at home as when done in the face of the enemy, so that there was no need to invent a substitute for it for the R.A.F. Where the common-sense of the new decorations comes in, however, is in making a distinct difference between the Distinguished Flying Cross, awarded to those who display exceptional gallantry in the face of the enemy—including, one presumes, enemy air raiders in England—and the Air Force Cross, for those who deserve reward for bravery in flying or for other good service not in the face of the enemy—which, no doubt, includes the many gallant things which are done abroad, actually in the war area, perhaps, but not specifically in fighting.

Nice Distinctions. The differentiation gets over one of the troubles which certainly does occur in the case of the Military Cross, for one has heard of people being awarded that decoration for undisputed good service at bases or on lines of communications, when they fully deserved reward, but did not quite deserve a D.S.O., and could not, apparently, be given special promotion. As the Military Cross has special regulations some of these awards have seemed a trifle inapposite—most of all to the recipients—so there was excellent reason for creating the Air Force Cross in order to get over precisely that difficulty. Nevertheless, occasions may occur when it will be a trifle difficult to decide whether an aviator is entitled to the D.F.C. or the A.F.C.

The Ambiguity of A.F.C.

Incidentally, A.F.C. after a man's name will be rather apt to lead to confusion as to whether he belongs to the Australian Flying Corps or has been awarded the Air Force Cross. So far, apparently, the numerous squadrons of the Australian Flying Corps—which have done magnificent service, and have won a very high proportion of D.S.O.s and M.C.s—are still outside the Royal Air Force, and so seem not to be entitled to the new decorations, though several

of their pilots have been awarded the D.F.C. Being part of the Australian Army, they are really A.I.F., or Australian Imperial Forces, and the Air Force Act does not touch them. If they are to be brought inside the R.A.F., a special Act of Parliament in the Australian Legislature will be necessary. It hardly seems likely that the military authorities in Australia would consent to the A.F.C. being anything else but Australian Flying Corps, so the confusion between A.F.C. and A.F.C. is likely to exist.



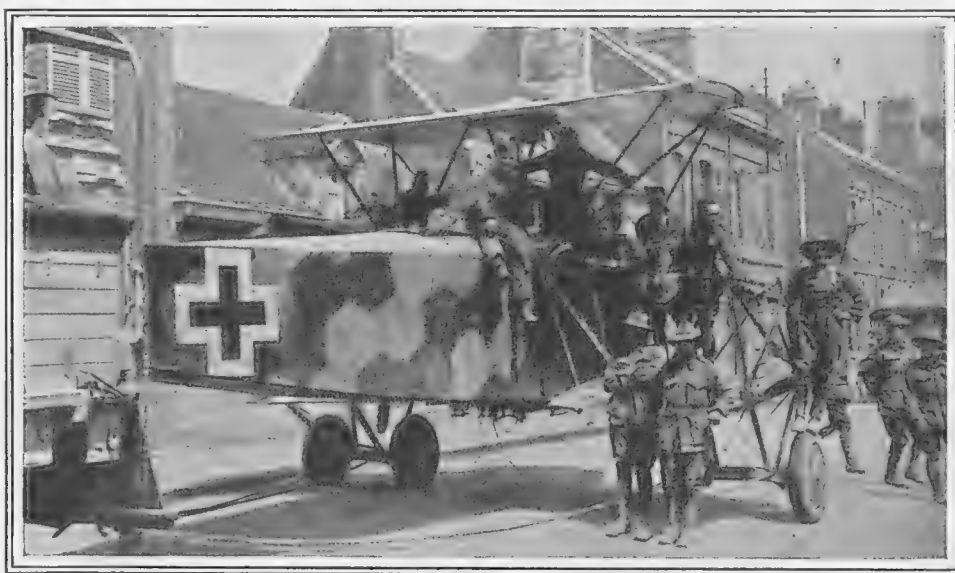
ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A YOUNG FOX WHICH HAS ATTACHED ITSELF TO THE R.A.F., AND IS MASCOT OF A SQUADRON.

Official Photograph.

Is the Sea "the Face of the Enemy"? However, to return to the doubtful cases. It would be interesting to know which decoration would be awarded to an aviator who had won reward, as so many have done, by long and arduous sea patrols. If he has sunk a submarine, or has even attacked a submarine without being certain whether he has sunk it or not, obviously he has been flying in the face of the enemy—or at any rate over the heads of the enemy—and so would receive the D.F.C. But one man may have the luck to catch a submarine after very little flying, and may sink it without himself running the slightest danger, so he would scarcely deserve a D.F.C. if his work were compared with the work of many other aviators. On the other hand, another man might go on patrolling for a year or more without ever seeing an enemy craft. He would always be in a position of being about to face the enemy, and yet he would never be actually qualified to say that he had done so. He might have run twenty times the risk of the other man, he might have saved the lives of a dozen observer-passengers by his skill as a navigator and as a pilot—yet, unless he were given the D.S.O., he would, if one reads the rules aright, never be eligible for the D.F.C., but only for the A.F.C. The question arises whether the sea, which is at once man's eternal enemy and his most useful ally, can be regarded as "the face of the enemy" for this purpose.

"Ferry" and "Test" Pilots.

Another rather doubtful case is that of the "ferry pilot," who crosses the Channel day after day, month in, month out, in all kinds of weather, taking new machines to France and bringing old ones back. He is armed to the teeth, lest he should meet enemies on the way, as some ferry pilots have done; and if he has the luck to meet a Boche and bring him down he is certainly entitled to the D.F.C. But apparently he might incur greater dangers and display



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BIG GERMAN 'PLANE, BROUGHT DOWN BY A BRITISH AIRMAN, TOWED AWAY FROM THE LINE.—[Official Photograph.]

greater bravery over a very long period, during which he was always liable to meet an enemy, and yet never win the decoration. Being armed, he would be flying on active service, and so would seem to be in a class distinct from the test pilots, who, perhaps, incur still greater risk when flying new and untried machines, and who cannot possibly be considered as "in the face of the enemy," though richly deserving their A.F.C.s.

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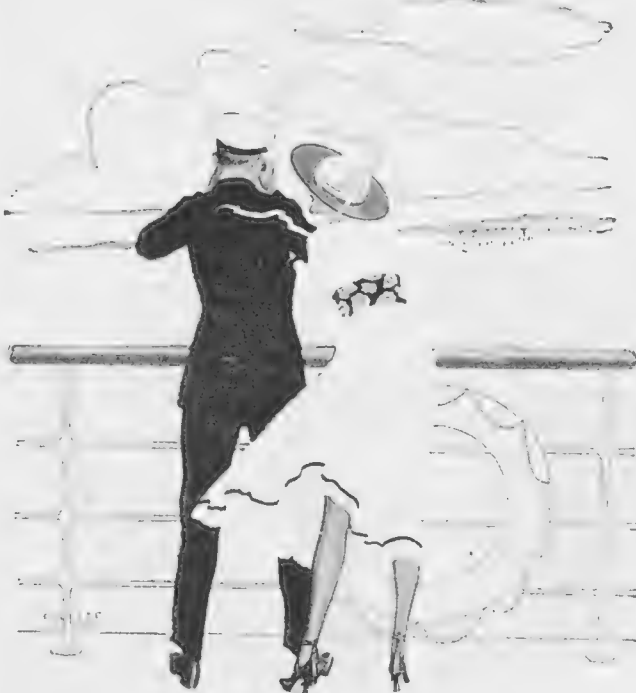


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SHODDY.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WHAT sort of a world will the man who has fought for his country come back to? If we have any sense of justice his should be the only opinion to count.

He left a world full of decencies, of ideals, of freedom, of the beautiful things, and comes back to a world of shoddy.

Shoddy ideals, shoddy dictators, shoddy thought, shoddy profiteers, shoddy clothes, shoddy bureaucrats, and shoddy minds—a shoddy life in a world of shoddy.

A world enchained, restricted, standardised, but the whole standard miserably low—like Wordsworth's standard of intoxication.

Think what he went out for. How he will chafe at it all when he returns and finds himself confronted by and in conflict with shoddy mediocrity.

* * * * *

Being blessed—or handicapped—with a conscience, the House of Commons has never tolerated shoddiness or mediocrity in any form. That is why its reputation has been maintained in war-time.

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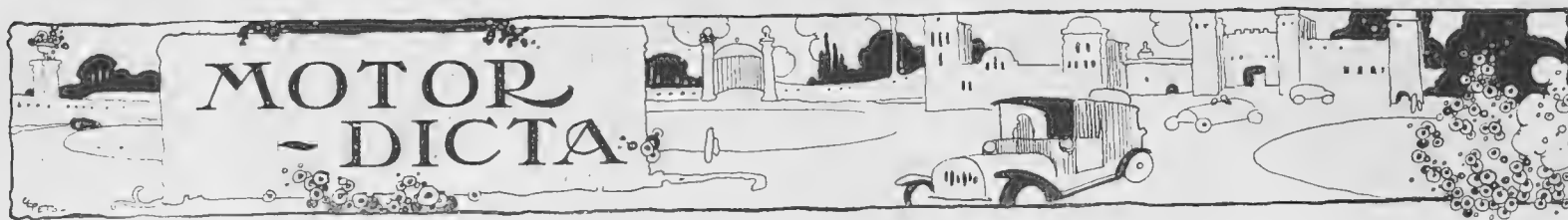
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CONCESSIONS: THE ROAD ETHICS OF CARS AND QUADRUPEDS.

By GERALD BISS.

IN the first place, it is announced on the very best authority, for what that is worth in these days of constant chops (without coupons) and quick changes, that green-eyed, acquisitive Dora has not—for the present, at any rate—confiscatory intentions with regard to private cars under the omnivorous scheme of her free-booting satellites at the Road Transport Board. That may come, like anything else in these *nil admirari* days; but for the present we may dance a subdued auto-carmagnole over the reprieve of the private car from the throes of a degrading death as a coal-trolley or a vegetable-cart, balanced by the doubtful concession of official compensation on lines of unparalleled arbitrariness in arbitration.

Dora Concedes. Verily, in these times we of automobilism snatch at straws and pick up crumbs of comfort with the horrid greediness of sparrows; and it cannot, therefore, but raise quite a feeling of disproportionate exhilaration to learn that sparking-plugs for cars or motor-cycles can now be obtained up to the value of a tanner for permitted cars without the absurdity and procrastination of a priority certificate—that pet gadfly of Dame Dora, which causes more petty annoyance and undue delays than anything else in her whole vocabulary of prohibition and restriction. But here, surely, is enough fuel for optimism in one week for the disgruntled and automobilious, especially as there is also some talk of the Petrol Control Board so far forgetting its new-found dignity as to speed up “some” in Berkeley Street in the matter of refunding motorists’ outstanding claims on unused petrol coupons, and even reconsidering cases of refusals of permits where new facts and qualifying circumstances have arisen.

The Lucky 13,001. This last ebullition of grace comes hard on the heels of the latest prodigious cut-down of permits for private cars—the fifth of a series showing a curve of Gadarene descension. Before the war the number of cars on the road was legion to the *nth*; and the first issue of permits, less than two years ago, was 94,111. This fifth, and latest, totals but 13,001. That final 1 is full of psychological interest to the observer of human nature. Is it a proof of strict honesty of purpose, or was it added, afterwards as an after-thought to establish a feeling of confidence in the accuracy and probity of those often-maligned assessors? Thirteen thousand net would have been a suspiciously round number, satisfying to the orderly and accurate mind, but at the same time asking for criticism. That odd 1 saves the situation, as it would have done before on at least one occasion in the world’s history. Moreover, superstitious folk in Berkeley Street may have regarded “13,000” as likely to bring ill luck to the continuance of their temporary authority.

prisonable offence in the Code Automobilenis without the option of a fine—and quite rightly, too—but, being an equine offence, he was fined the excessive sum of one shilling! Verily there is one law for the car and one for the horse—one for the Briton and one for the Alien.

**What No Car
Would Do.**

And the emancipated animals themselves! I read of a big brown horse, harnessed tantalisingly on a really hot day to a great ice-wagon, of its own volition and under its own power, deserting the tropical atmosphere of the India Office and, with steps as delicate



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THE GERMANS WERE BETWEEN FIFTY AND A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY: A FRENCH ARMoured-CAR SUPPORTING A BRITISH ATTACK ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

as Agag’s of yore, conveying his cool freight down the steep double flight of steps, without accident, to the fresh pastures of St. James’s Park, where he was discovered browsing grass (without a coupon) outside the Office of Works! Now it is a finable offence to leave a motor of any sort unattended; yet no self-respecting lorry would or could ever dream of trotting off and playing at Nebuchadnezzar if left alone for a moment, especially outside a real old-established Government office with no temporary taint!

**A Liberal-Minded
Bullock.**

Again, last week a bullock *en route* to Braintree Market, anxious to find out whether Mr. Asquith was still leader of the Radical rump or not, walked into the Liberal Club to inquire; and, finding no one who could answer his question with any certainty, he made his bovine way upstairs into the billiard-room without changing gear, and walked round the table without scoring and only managing to break one cue! Think, if it had been a very young bull in a very old china-shop, how much damage he might have done dancing a two-step fore and aft! No wonder the *Times* recently averred that “the arguments for prohibiting horse traffic altogether from the streets of London are daily becoming stronger.” Gentle reader, as the Victorians used to phrase it, did you ever hear of the much-

maligned motor performing such antics on its own? It only shows what an eminently respectable member of the traffic fraternity has been unduly snatched from us, and how vilely the others behave, relieved of such a good example. As for the recrudescence of the silent push-bike, it is the worst thing I have struck yet for nerves, with its sneaking, slithery ways. All I pray is that, despite the vocabulary and the vagaries of its individual controllers, the taxi may still be spared for our greater safety and peace of mind, though possibly not the best of automobile examples.

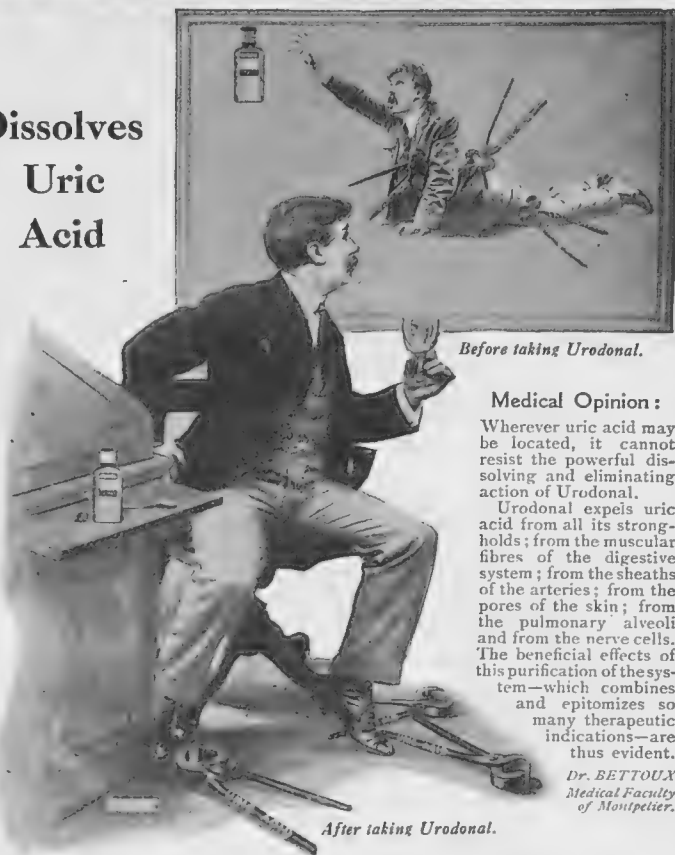


ON THEIR WAY TO COMBINE WITH THE BRITISH: FRENCH ARMoured CARS AND CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

Equine Equity. Personally, I am beginning to look askance at the moral effect of the practical elimination from the road of the automobile, the scapegoat of two decades, upon the other users. I fear it will prove very bad; and it will certainly help to show them up in their true colours when there is no execrated auto to bear the burdens of other folk as well as its own. Only a week or two back an Alien within our ever-open gates was convicted of furious riding in the Row in the middle of the afternoon, and being drunk withal. This latter used to be a

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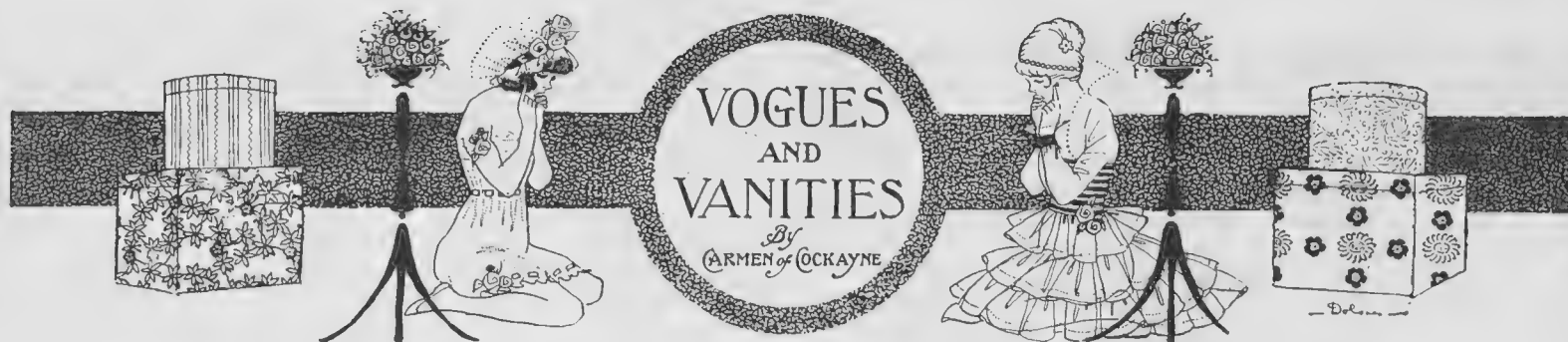
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What We Sometimes Forget.

There are times when one almost comes to think that spring and summer hats grow like the buttercups and daisies, and that to charge high prices for them is sheer profiteering. It used not to be so in the grim Victorian days, when the chief use of a really *chic* hat—so far as the expression was understood those dreary times—was to proclaim, like the real Spanish mahogany sideboard and solid silver, "how very comfortably off and how eminently respectable I am." Times have changed.



There is nothing incongruous in a black velvet hat for summer, especially if it happens to be lined with white straw.

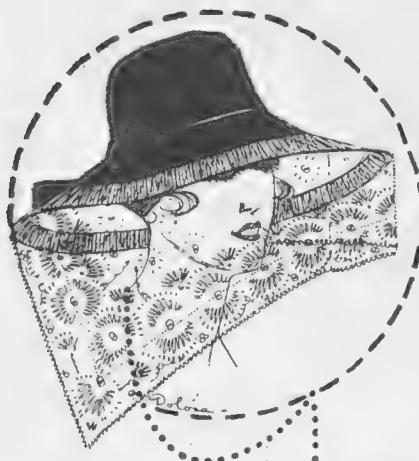
Head-covering is made for the moment and the moment only, and monumental millinery has about as much chance of finding favour in feminine eyes as the crinoline frocks of our grandmothers. Hats seem to follow so naturally our whims and caprices, and the changes of the seasons, that we are apt to forget the art that conceals art.

The Price of Brains. But there's no use "grousing" at the super-

ficial observer who can't understand why a ration of tulle, three fronds of "feather," and some bonnet-wire should cost five guineas when welded into a hat by a clever milliner. But, after all, there is something to be said on his side. It is the mission of the perfect hat to deceive. The *chapeau* that suggests "money" to the world is merely vulgar; the one that breathes studied simplicity with an equal degree of aggressiveness is merely silly. A mere man may wonder why "a simple thing like that" should run into a lot of money, but every woman knows that there's nothing like simplicity of the truly modish kind for making holes in a dress-allowance that grows no bigger as the war goes on.

A Hat Puzzle.

Cleverer people than women are universally admitted to be might confess to a feeling of mental confusion after a preliminary survey of the summer hats that make the millinery salons at Goringe's, in Buckingham Palace Road, such an attractive spot just now. Fashion, ever Puck-like, has given free rein to her wandering fancy, with the result that it is more difficult than ever to practise the war-time principle of buying only what you really want. The difficulty is that you don't know, for more than five minutes to



By her veil you shall know the smart woman. It must slope downwards to one side.

gether, the exact kind of hat that's going to make you feel really well dressed. For instance, it is not difficult to imagine a woman wanting to become the owner of the five hats Dolores has sketched today. That *cloche* hat of ribbon-bound black tulle with its becoming pink lining, desirable in any case, becomes doubly so with the addition of the lace veil that falls obliquely, as every new-fashioned veil should.

Velvety Vagaries.

It is true that black velvet was once reckoned an exclusively winter material. But seasons were made for slaves, not for fashion, and, now that black velvet is as

appropriate to a tennis-court as to a skating-rink, it is only natural to find it keeping company with fine white manilla straw, and spurning all decoration except that supplied by a large hat-pin of mingled jet sequins and gold beads. Or again, there is the black liseré model, whose long-fronted, short-backed brim is softened with three layers of the tulle, the long scarf end of which serves as such becoming camouflage in the hands of the wearer who knows how to use it to the best advantage. The closely massed pink ostrich-feathers that hug the crown so tightly are perfectly simple in themselves, but they are just the kind of thing to tempt a woman to begin to compare the merits of a black and coloured hat with an all-black one, like the fifth model, and end by buying both.



Simple muslin, striped in any colour you like, makes a war-time hat that's smart, as well as becoming.

Country Comeliness. Even the country hat owns allegiance

to the skill of the expert in millinery. Straw and tulle are all very well; but, after all, there's nothing startlingly original about the use of either. But the artist who can take white muslin striped with yellow, or blue, or pink, and turn it into the kind of hat you find at Goringe's—the one that forms the model of the above sketch—must not be surprised if economists regard her in the light of a temptress worthy of "Dora's" closest attention.

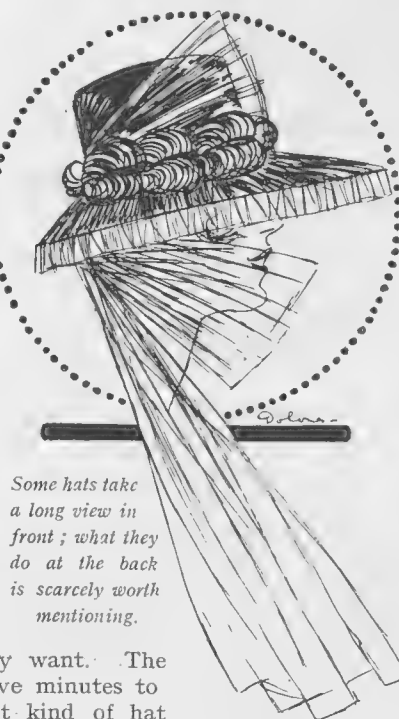
Enterprising Efforts.

Want of enterprise, at any rate, cannot be reckoned among the faults of the milliners. No maker of cocktails ever showed more ingenuity in mixing materials, apparently unmixable, into a perfect whole than the people who live by designing hats in order that someone else may wear them. Glycerine and ostrich-feathers, for instance, hardly sounds a promising combination for a millinery scheme. But glycerined feathers—the process has the effect of making the fronds quite flat and straight—are amongst the smartest things the mode has to offer. The most modish are gaily coloured and imprisoned between the two layers of tulle that so often do duty as a brim these summer days. Flowers, too, are pressed into

the service of the smart woman; and the close-fitting, all-flower toques, besides being becoming, are practical—a virtue that cannot be too highly rated as the coming of the luxury-tax gatherer draws near. Another familiar sight in the hat world is the model made of two wholly different materials. One at Goringe's, of nigger-brown georgette, has an edging of coarse straw to match planted with a whole forest of curly feather tendrils just to guard against a possible harshness of outline. One side of the brim is wider than the other; but then, lots of hats take a one-sided view of life just now.



Black tulle forms part of this hat; not the most important part—that role is reserved for black ospreys.



Some hats take a long view in front; what they do at the back is scarcely worth mentioning.



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A perfume of rare beauty and quality.
The delicacy of its exquisite fragrance charms the most fastidious and cultivated taste.
It creates for its user an atmosphere of refinement and grace, and is one of the most fascinating and delightful of the famous

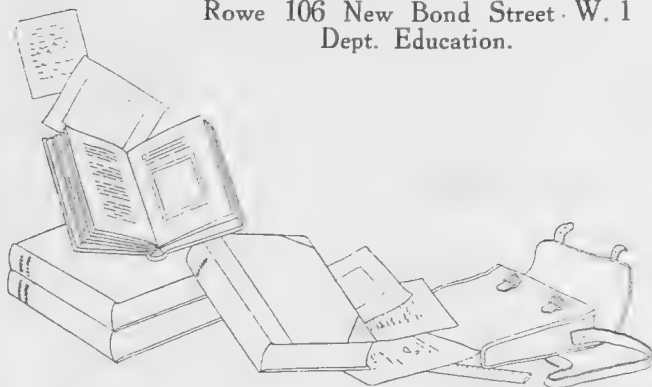
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An Untaxed Luxury.

As if in ironic contrast to the awfulness over the water, the country has never looked more lovely or more peaceful and prosperous than now. Many people steal a day, or a week, away from work just to gain a little recreation from the look and the feel of it. The bicycle is a favourite means of transport, for trains and buses offer too much of purgatory even to obtain these glimpses of paradise. I know of many a smart woman who goes awheel for sylvan spots, wearing a neat suit built by Kenneth Durward in serge or Cheviot tweed. We all know that thin clothes for cycling are a great mistake, and most of us have found out that our suits for this purpose must be well made and well cut if we are to be comfortable. There is a luxury about sitting in the shade of a wood, watching the sun-flooded landscape and eating a sandwich and drinking lemonade, which is untaxed and which is far more enjoyable than lots of others that will be.

The Newest of the New.

The Government is very inconsiderate. Just as we had provided ourselves with cases to keep



Demureness is the principal note of the ninon hat adorned with strawberry-coloured ribbon and feathers of a somewhat deeper shade. The hat below is of lavender-grey charmeuse, with an upturned brim of tulle of the same shade.

sweet thing, even when it isn't full! Whenever one wants just the newest of the new in the nicest form, one thinks of Mark Cross. A dear boy, writing home from Somewhere in France: "Get her something really jolly—you'll find it at Mark Cross's, I'm sure." It is always a pleasure to have a commission to execute there. I fell in love last time with a combined memo-book, pencil, photo-case, Treasury-note case, and letter-case. Real war economy, so many things under one cover—and such a nice pigskin-leather cover too!

Liquid Gold.

We are almost as much troubled these days about what we can drink as about what we can eat. Wine is for special occasions—it is too expensive for normal use. Mineral waters cost a lot, and some people do not care for them; whiskies or brandies and sodas are also highly priced, and women folk don't care for such potent liquids in summer. I was given a drink the other day which tasted delicious and proved refreshing. It was made with water, a bit of ice, and Stone's Orange Wine. So good was it on a hot day that I got some of this good tonic from my chemist's—a licensed grocer can supply it—and since then my menkind have taken to it with a keen affection, and a result which keeps up the high-tide mark in the tantalus bottles;

so it is war-time economy all round. Whisky and brandy nowadays approach in value to liquid gold, while the orange-wine drink tastes as nice as one might imagine liquid gold would do.

The Mighty Atom.

Not very often in these days do we see Mrs. Whitelaw Reid—not so often as we should like to do. This wealthy and delightful American lady is much interested in the National Baby Week Council, and is to take the chair at a discussion opened by Dr. Raimondi, of Paris, on "What Our Allies and Dominions are Doing to Save Infant Life." This will be in the Central Hall, Westminster, on July 2. During that week, if we have souls, we must not call them our own—everything is to be given up to Baby. The mighty atom is to rule the roast, and we are all to go baby-worshipping. Truth to tell, we have taken the mighty atom a great deal too much for granted in the past, and let it be dragged up anyhow. Now we know how mighty it is; and the crusade is out to care for it, cherish it, and provide the Empire with happy, healthy citizens.

The Newest Countess.

When this is printed Lady Blanche Somerset will be Countess of St. Germans. She is a specially interesting bride, because she is a girl of distinctly original ideas, strong individuality, and charming character. This by no means implies that she is a prig or a poseuse. Quite the contrary. Lady Blanche gives one the idea that she forgets herself, and a most refreshing idea it is. So interested is she in whatever she is doing or talking about that egotism disappears. She is a fine rider to hounds, loves the open and all kinds of sport and many games. Lord St. Germans is also a lover of sport, and is a clever amateur actor, and full of life and fun. He is, of course, a good and keen soldier, and has been wounded in this war. He is an only child; and his mother, a petite and dainty lady, is delighted with his marriage—so good luck to the happy pair and welcome to the newest Countess.

Multimillions of Air-Cushions.

I have tried many materials, but for all-round satisfaction give me Aertex Cellular for comfort in heat and cold. I saw some fascinating patterns the other day, and journeyed to Oliver Brothers, 417, Oxford Street, where I saw some excellent model shirts, knickers, pyjamas, nighties, etc. There is something in the weaving of this cloth akin to the principle upon which Shetlanders knit their wool, and we all know that there is nothing so warm to wear in winter, while it is light and cool in summer, as "Shetig." Aertex Cellular is equally delightful, and not so expensive. It captures the air, and holds a series of multi-millions of minute air-cushions about the body, securing for it an even temperature whatever outer conditions may be. For working women—and we are all that in these times—the comfort of this material is simply wonderful.

An interesting Song and Pianoforte Recital will be given on Saturday, June 15, at Steinway Hall, by Miss Dorothy Eyre and Miss Dorothy Moggridge. The programme includes four Greek folk-songs, Songs of the Hebrides, and other interesting features. Tickets can be obtained at the Hall, of the usual agents, or of Miss Eyre (24, Maybank Avenue, Sudbury Hill, Harrow) or Miss Moggridge (Hill Close, South Harrow), at five shillings or half-a-crown each, including the tax. The concert will commence at three o'clock.



Yellow georgette is the material used for this simple summer dress. It is embroidered in mauve silk round the neck, and has got a black velvet ribbon at the waist.



S. 46.—9 gns.

S. 47.—8 gns.

S. 48.—8½ gns.

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Charming—yet Inexpensive

S. 46. Useful Gown in a combination of Striped Foulard and Black Charmeuse, with vest and collar of Georgette; prettily trimmed with tiny ruches. Sizes: S.W., W., and O.S. .. 9 Gns.

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S. 48. Gown in pleated Georgette; beautifully beaded at yoke and waist. In navy with amber beads, mole with cerise beads, flesh pink with white beads, champagne with white beads, ivory with ivory beads, ivory with cerise beads, black with white beads, and all black 8½ Gns.

These Goods cannot be sent on approval.

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COTTON ZEPHYR WASHING JUMPER, in a variety of checks, and stripes, chiefly in white grounds with pretty coloured stripes and checks. A particularly useful and becoming garment.

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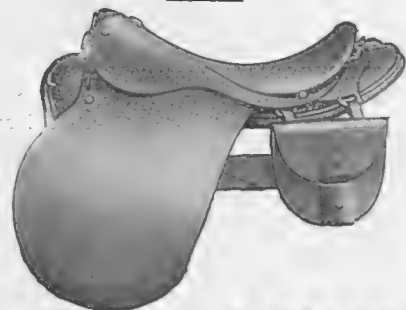
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To prevent delay owing to present conditions, these Coats are stocked in fifteen sizes, and can be sent by return of post free of postage.

ON APPROVAL.—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned.

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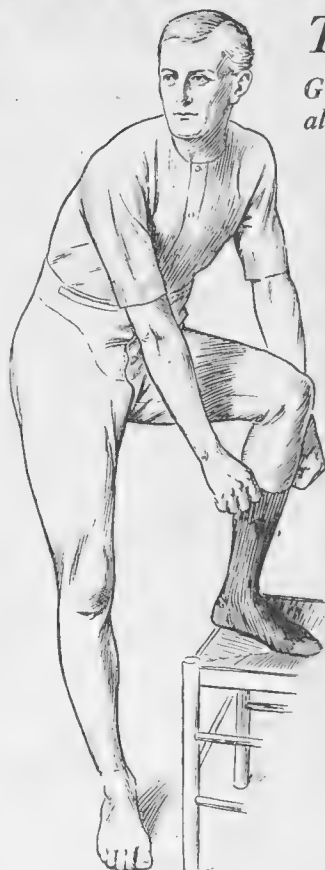
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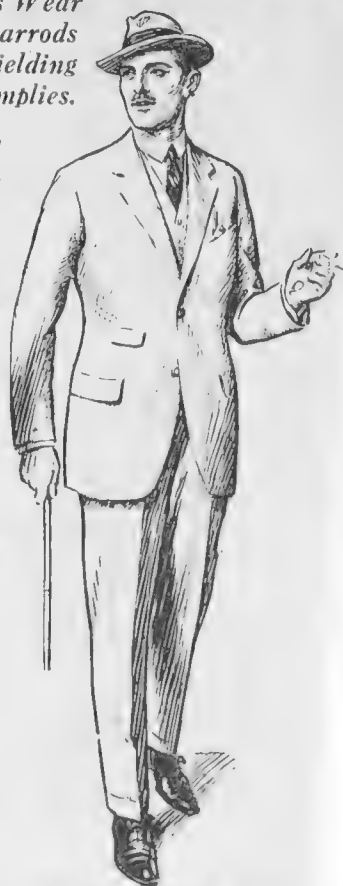
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Harrods have developed their Ready-to-wear Tailoring to a high degree of excellence, and can confidently recommend it.



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Harrods Pyjamas are stocked in six sizes, including extra long leg, extra long sleeve, short leg, short sleeve, thus providing a perfect fit for every type of figure.

HARRODS SILK PYJAMAS are the finest value obtainable, and the choice is wonderful.

A SPECIAL OFFER!

Spun Silk Pyjamas, tightly woven, specially durable, giving the utmost satisfaction from the laundry standpoint. Cut very liberally to yield utmost freedom and comfort.

Pyjamas with button front ... 35/6
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Specially attractive soft Twill Cashmere finish, with bold mercerised stripes, particularly strong, UNSHRINKABLE and very slightly ... per suit 10/6

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Silk Mixture. Unshrinkable. Harrods Speciality.		
VESTS	PANTS	SHORTS
Half Sleeves	To Ankle	Above Knee
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Finer Quality Anglo-Indian Gauze.		
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Larger Sizes 1/- and 2/- extra		

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This Harrods Ready-to-wear Suit is slightly defined to figure and is smartened by long narrow lapels—no opening at back. In fine Saxony finish Suiting. Blue with white stripes, also in smart Grey and Blue-grey pure worsted. In all sizes and fittings ... £5 5s.

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This clear pure British table-water
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There's a snap and refreshing vigour in Springwell that makes even the best whiskey taste better, that delights those wise epicures who insist on good table water, and that proves the quality of Hertfordshire's finest springs.

Every drop is pure.—Six special tests guarantee the absolute purity of Springwell on its way from the cold clear depths beneath the clean green hills to your table in home or hotel.

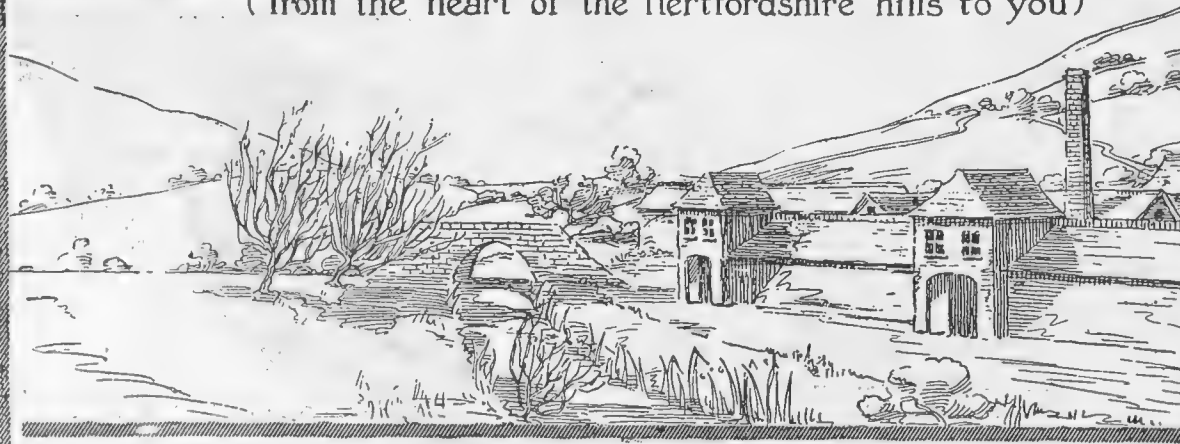
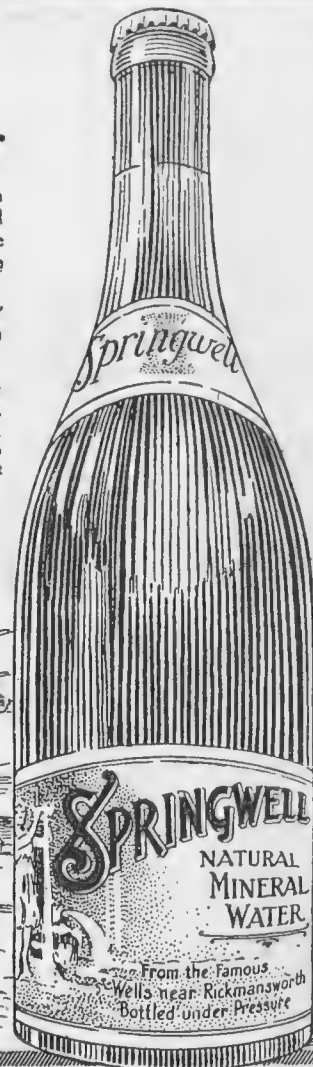
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Springwell makes even the best whiskey taste better

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30/-

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LITTLE BOY'S SUIT in striped shirting, trimmed with border of plain linen, white ground with stripe and border in shades of cherry, saxe and mauve.

Size for 2 years ...	Price	35/9
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This model can be copied in coloured linen with white border from 49/6.

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WOMEN'S War Time shoes, as well as these summer shoes, are now obtainable at the shops appointed to sell Delta.

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At the same shops men's War Time boots are obtainable at 26/3 for a pair or 13/2 for a single boot, laces extra. The single boots, rights or lefts, are for those men who

have been so unfortunate as to lose a leg.

The supply of single boots, too, is unlimited, though the supply of all other Delta including War Time is limited, the shops being rationed and receiving their deliveries only on fixed dates.

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Makers of Delta and Lotus Shoes
City Telephone
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Agents everywhere

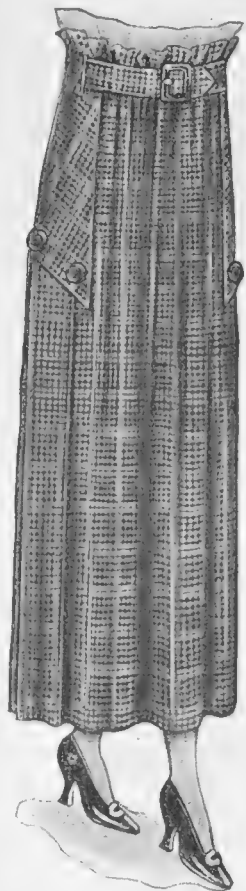
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A WELL-TAILORED SKIRT that hangs gracefully is indispensable to the well-dressed woman. Skirts for every occasion—Morning, Afternoon, or Evening can be seen at Russell's Skirt Corner, and in every case the price secures utmost value.

A 250.—Smart Black and White Check Skirt with Tangerine, also Blue Over-Check; Belt drawn through side panels, giving fashionable straight lines **49/11**

Also several other very stylish designs.

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'Super' Field Service Trench Boot (Regd.).—The Norwegian pattern. Modelled to allow of room for extra pairs of stockings. Made also with 3 straps outside top of leg.

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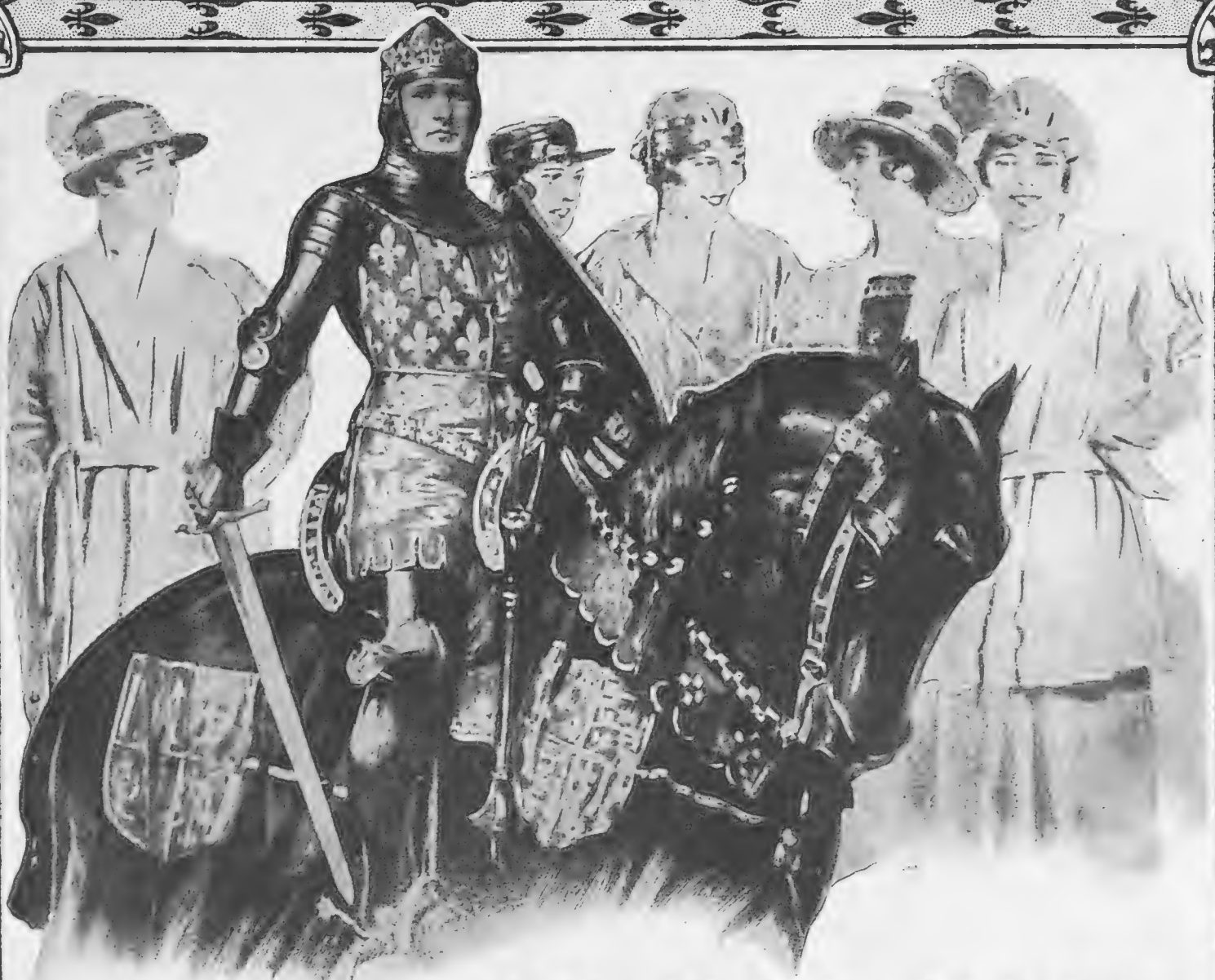
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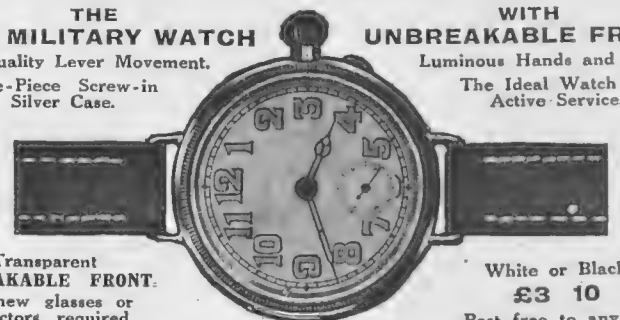
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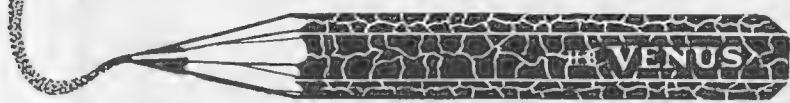
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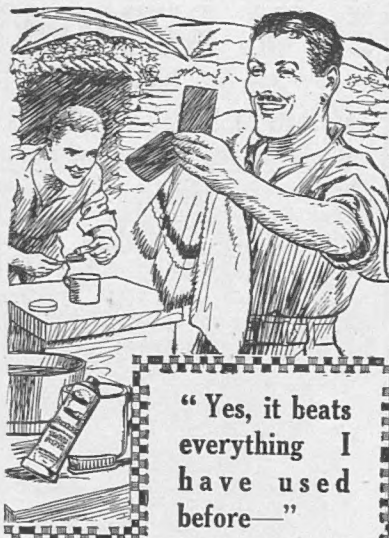
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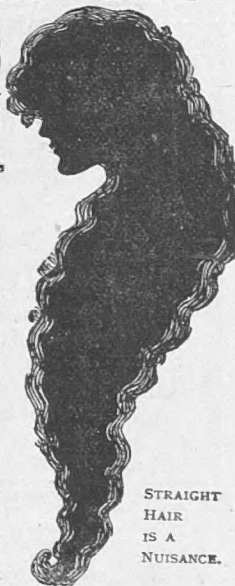
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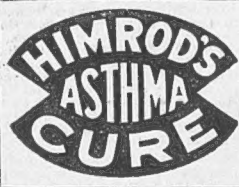
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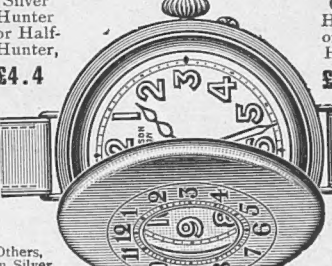


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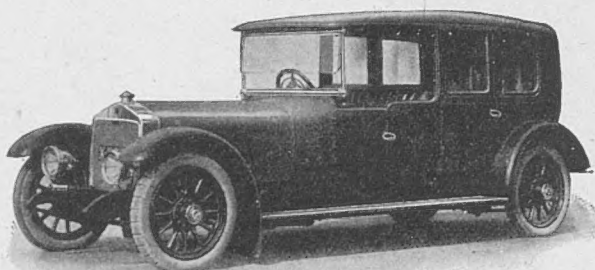
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REGD.
The IDEAL SUMMER UNDERWEAR

SOFT, LIGHT & ELASTIC. Made in the Midland Factories.

"SOFLEX" Combinations are most comfortable wear; they are very elastic, fit the figure perfectly, and give with every movement of the body. They are correctly shaped, are porous, and are

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
Retaining their softness after washing.

W's Sizes, Low Neck, Short or no Sleeves	3/11
W's Sizes, High Neck, Short Sleeves	4/11
W's Sizes, "V" Neck, Short or no Sleeves	4/6

O.S.W's, 4d. extra. Carriage 2d. per pair extra.
Sample sent on Approval on receipt of Remittance, which will be willingly refunded if not approved.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PATTERN OF FABRIC POST FREE ON APPLICATION

"SOFLEX" underwear is not supplied to shops and can only be obtained direct from the makers,
THE MIDLAND HOSIERY AGENCY, 60, Loughborough, Leicestershire

Shade: Cream Undyed

Post it to Pullars

That Burberry or other Raincoat to be cleaned and have all spots and stains removed. After cleaning all such goods are reproofed by special process. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agent, or post direct to—PULLARS'

Cleaners & Dyers Perth

Try This: Two Generations Old

And never failed yet to keep the bowels regular, the temper smooth, the liver active, the appetite vigorous and healthy. The recipe is: "Keep Carter's Little Liver Pills where you know where to find them and don't wait to be bilious. They're a pleasure to take." Children prefer them.

Purely vegetable.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.
GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

The friendly grip of the Rimlet is so gentle, and yet so perfect, that the shoe heel cannot slip up and down.

That means Comfort and prevents the stocking heel from wearing into holes.

PHILLIPS' RIMLET'S SHOE GRIP

Soft rubber cushions, encased in velvet, easily fixed into any shoe. Absolutely invisible. In black, brown or white to match shoe lining.
FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Per 6d. Pair.
If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. or stamps 6d. for sample pair to the Makers:—
PHILLIPS' PATENTS, Ltd.,
(Dept. 'D'), 142-146, Old Street, London, E.C.1



Patent